Collin's Walk

THROUGH

LONDON

AND

VVESTMINSTER,

A POEM in Burlesque.

Written by *T. D.* Gent.

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poetæ,
Aut simul & jucunda, & idonea dicere vitæ.

Hor. de Art. Poetica.

Licensed March 27. 1690. Rob. Midgley.

LONDON,

Printed for *John Bullord* at the Old *Black-Bear* in St. *Pauls-Church-Yard*, 1690.

Collins's Ode to

THE QUEEN

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AND

WESTMINSTER.

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To the Right Honourable

Peregrine *Earl of* Danby, *Viſcount* Dunblain & Lattimer, *Baron of* Keviton, *&c.*

My LORD,

THE Diverſion that *Collin* has already had the good Fortune to give your Lordſhip at ſome times of leaſure, (when being retir'd from publick Affairs you have honour'd me with your Converſation) makes him now preſume to throw himſelf at your Feet, and withal, ingages me to appear in his behalf, Your Lordſhips moſt humble Petitioner: The little time of his being in Town, has not at all hinder'd him from the perfect Knowledge of your Character; that noble Nature,

and uncommon Goodneſs, that generally influences and obliges not only thoſe whoſe Merits have qualified 'em for ſuch an Honour; but even others whoſe Malice and Folly have juſtly deſerv'd your Contempt and Indignation; cannot be without the Extremity of baſe and partial Ingratitude, exempted from general Applauſe; and amongſt the reſt, has likewiſe ſo charm'd the Heart and Underſtanding of Poor *Collin*, that he rather chooſes to renounce the whole Body of Presbytery, by expoſing their Frailties to promote your Mirth, than endanger the misfortune of loſing that part of your Lordſhips Favour, which his benign Stars have already far beyond his Merit bleſt him with.

Nor am I, my Lord, tho a Petitioner for him, the leſs an humble Mediator for my Self: This BOOK with which preſent your Lordſhip, and which confeſ

confess was not design'd to please all Parties, having much the greater occasion to make its Court to you; 'tis my Happiness to know your Lordship to be of a clear and genuine Understanding, not sullied by the Town-Vices, of Malice, or unreasonable Criticism, tho capable of judging with the Wisest and most Correct, you will rather convince a Poet of his Error, by an easie Argument, than endeavour to raise the Structure of your own Wit, by crying down his, when he is out of your sight: And as your Generous Inclination to Arts, especially those of Poetry and Musick, incline you rather to favour and instruct, than detract or reprove a Professor; so 'tis impossible for the Muses to do themselves greater Justice or Honour, than to implore the Patronage of a Nobleman, so perfectly qualified, whose Soul agrees with Science by Sympathy, and whose admirable Vertue of good Nature, in-

 fluences

fluences the Poetick Art like another *Apollo*, and rather plants the Lawrel more firmly, than tears it from the Brows of any deserving Author.

The Satyrical Part of my Poem need not offend any one that is Wise enough not to expose himself: My Lines being (as the Eternally Famous *Butler* once said before,) like Salesmens Cloths, made for them only that they will fit; and with the same limit as *Juvenal* allows his Satyrs:

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago Libelli est.

Your Lordships stedfast Opinion in Favour of the Church of *England*, gives me hopes you will be pleas'd the more with my exposing her Enemies; the Illustrious Stock from which you have your Being, giving you daily a

noble

noble Example of constant Candor for our Religion, as well as tender Love for your Country; that flourishing *Cedar* that has already adorn'd the Garden of one of our most lov'd and greatest Monarchs, and now by Sacred Providence transplanted into the Bosom of a second, no less affected and reverd, do's not only appear the Courts chiefest Ornament, but its greatest Blessing; the spreading Vigor of his fasten'd Root, will make him still defie the Storms of Malice, and stand in spight of Fortune, whilst the Indulgence of his Genuin shade, nobly refreshes those ungrateful Creatures who pine to see his Height and Virdant Glory.

This Theme would almost draw me to a Rapture; did not a just Sense of my weak Abilities check my Presumption: I shall therefore descend from that lofty Tract, to beg Pardon of your Lordship for this Prolixity, and prepare *Collin* to entertain you with his

Humor and Character, as also with the divertive Accidents in his several Walks, which I do assure your Lordship are entirely new, and I hope will afford you the satisfaction I expect they should: The Wit and Style I humbly submit to your Lordships Judgment, with unusual Joy to fall into such noble Hands, where I am sure to have generous Usage; your uncommon Affability, sweet and unaffected Behaviour, and modest Treating your Inferiors, ingaging the Hearts of all that have the Honour to know you, as well as that of

My Lord,

Your Lordships most Humble, and most Entirely Devoted Servant

T. D'URFEY.

THE PREFACE.

THE various Sentiments and contentious Discourses of the People, as well of Town as Country, being the undoubted Occasion of the daily Animosities and Discontents that perpetually rise amongst us, was the chief reason of my publishing the following Piece of Railery; in which I would insinuate to 'em the little Benefit and Advantage they do Themselves or their Country, by entring into Politicks and Grumbling against the Government, which (in the first place) they should rationally believe it is improbable for them to alter; and secondly if there could be an alteration by other means, should cautiously consider what benefit either their Country or themselves should reap by a second Revolution so unlike to be without the severest Distresses that Blood and Slaughter can possibly bring upon us: Euripides says, Mens una sapiens plurium vincit manus; If therefore the success of all worldly Proceedings do's shew, that Prudence makes prosperous the Event of Humane Actions, more

more than Railing or Violence, then I am ſure all Grumblers are at a loſs every Way, for they can only talk Seditiouſly, without effecting any thing, which in my Opinion is no part of Wiſdom: or if they ſhould happen to do any Thing perſuant to their own purpoſe, it would unavoidably be either a Damage to their Country or Themſelves, as the beſt Judgment of the Nation believes, and ſo conſequently in the ſecond place can never be quoted for an Act of Prudence.

I therefore in the following Diſcourſes between the Major and Country Collin, *have in a Method of Railery expos'd the Humors of a Grumbling Church of* England-*Man, and an opinionated Presbiter, taking this Burleſque manner of Writing, to promote the Readers Diverſions in a greater meaſure than it could poſſibly be in a more ſolemn Stile; for I have taken Care both in* Collins *Character, and his Arguments to prepare a farſical Entertainment againſt Popery for the Brethren, and a pleaſant Interlude againſt Phanatiſcim for the Romaniſts, and ſhall be very well pleas'd if the Worthy Members of the Church of* England *will do me the Honour to ſit down and Laugh at both, they having ſome reaſan to do ſo; as well knowing that ſome little time ſince, both the others did as much for them, with a more than ordinary Satisfaction. Tho the Characters may be thought Satyrical, yet is there no particular Reflection upon any one; nor have I malicioufly expos'd any irregularity in the laſt Reign; or made*

any

any unmanner'd Remarques upon my Superiors, my sole Business being to rally my Country-Men into Union and good Humor; and to publish the Regard and Honour I have for the Establish'd Church, by explaining the Envy, Errors, Stubbornes and Foppery of her two implacable Enemies, Popery and Presbytery.

There is nothing more common in this Age than Licencious Tongues, tho at the same time 'tis a receiv'd Opinion, That there is nothing more pernicious to the Government; every Illiterate Mechanick, that has but Stock enough to purchase a Dish of Coffee, has the Liberty, and as he thinks the Ability to judge of Politicks as well as the best of them that sit at the Helm.

The Generals Conduct in Ireland *is good or bad as he pleases to fancy it, and the haughty Monarch of* France *is to be brought down, or continue in his Opulency, just as his admirable Judgment thinks fit; 'tis from such as he the Scandalous Mint of False News is Coyn'd, which in this Town is always naturally so catching, that its infection spreads like a Tetter upon the ill blooded Vulgar; this sets the disconsolate Malecontent that has lost his Employment a Swearing; the Rich Curmudgeonly Common-wealths Man, that dams his Soul for six pence, a Railing; the Subtile Bribe-taking Lawyer, whose rich Crop is lessned by losts of the Dispensing Judges, a Brawling; the Stigmatiz'd Quaker, Sneaking Anabaptist, the Incorrigible Presbyterian a Canting; the*

the Squeamish Tender Conscience Parson a hoping, and altogether to join in the admirable Chorus of Grumbling.

The chief Cause of which disquiet, is the Times distress, occasioned by the late Revolution; and the troublesome Taxes and Impositions, which must of necessity follow so great an Affair, as the restoring our Church to her Ancient Priviledges and Rights; nor can any true English-Man who has any Honour in him, reasonably grudge a part of his Fortune to secure the rest, his Country and Religion, or suffer them to be again in Danger for want of some small Contributions;

As if she thought she could not want
Aid to her Title Militant;
But was her Self so mighty grown,
To fight her Battles out alone,

As our Friend Collin *has it: And tho to the Common Sort, and such as are destitute of Reason, as well as Consideration, every Taxation and Imposition seems heavy, needless or superfluous; yet the more Judicious know the Intentions of it, is to defend our Religion and Properties by a just War, and thence use the means the sooner to confirm a Peace to the People, which Peace cannot be procured without Arms, nor Arms without Pay, nor Pay without Impositions.*

In the Major's Character, I have endeavoured to describe the Right Humor of a Male-content;

he pretends to be of the Church of England, *but cannot allow that her Ruine should be put into the Ballance against his Interest; let her lose her Rights a Gods Name, rather than he his Office or Commission, which makes him in his first Speech to* Collin *spleenatickly Argue,*

Had it not for us better bin,
If th' Pope or Devil himself came in;
Than thus t'involve our selves in War,
And plunge our Souls in endless Care,
By needless emptying of our Purses,
Make all our Wives and Children Curse us;
And all these rowling Mischiefs gather,
For Conscience, yet have none on't neither?

Which I think the Parties themselves will own is as natural Grumbling, as Heart could wish, or as they themselves could dictate; and if they ask me how Collin, *whose Character is a Country Clown, and consequently sordid and illiterate, should be so good a Disputant to oppose the Major's Reasons; they may please to observe, that I have qualified him for Discourse, by Observations from his Father, who was a Divine, a great Logician and Philosopher; and since it is certainly every Mans Duty, as well as every Poets to do as much as his Capacity permits him towards the Advancement of his Religion, and the Benefit of his Country, either by lessening their Enemies Reputation, or extolling the Merit of*

his

his own Cause, I hope every worthy and true English Protestant of the Establish'd Church (for I have no hopes of the Outlyers) will favourably allow the following Poem, which altho may not have weight enough to improve their Understandings, may have diversion enough pleasantly to pass away an hour or two: I confess, I dare brag much of my own true Practice of Religion; yet I design to shew in this, which 'tis I Honour, and which (whatever my Enemies suggest against me) was ever my Opinion to be the best in the World.

I hope also the Majority of the Natives of England, *have Prudence enough to allow the same, and Honour enough to defend it against all Oppositions; for by that means they will the sooner bring all disquiet Male-contents to see their own Error, and by a general Union of Hearts and Tongues, restore their Country to that Happiness which fatal Discord, and unreasonable Grumbling at present deprives it of: I hope I may with Reason believe the Oppression our Religion receiv'd, was the only Cause of the late Revolution; and also hope the King and our Judicious Patriots will henceforth so settle it, that it may never again be in Danger; and therefore what good, violent Animosities, or any rash Undertaker can propose to his Country or Himself, by indeavouring an alteration, I cannot understand, nor I think any one else who prefers prosperous Peace, before unnatural Dissentions; and a Civil Community before a Civil War.*

It

It has been a receiv'd Maxim, That whoever have endeavoured to suppress by Violence an alteration in Government, settled by the Judgment and Concurrence of the Major, and wiser part of the People, which I hope is the Case now, have in all Ages promoted their own Ruins, without any success in their Undertakings. Cosmo de Medices, *having gain'd an extraordinary Reputation in* Florence, *the Citizens imagin'd that to suffer it to increase was dangerous, and therefore by common consent banished him, which violent Proceeding so offended the Friends of* Cosmo, *being it seems the stronger and wiser Party, that they afterwards forc'd his Enemies to recal him, and make him Prince of the City. The same happen'd in* Rome, *where* Cæsar *at first for his Virtues much admir'd and follow'd, became afterwards to be fear'd, and those that fear'd, not considering their Power to be inferiour to his, endeavouring to suppress him, were the occasion of his greater Glory. I insert these Examples only as Parallels that the Male-contents may see their own Ruine will not be only inevitable, but the Government settled the stronger by their rash Attempts, and pointless Aspersions; nor need I publish here the blessing of Union; every Mans Interest and Safety, being now best able to inform him, how extreamly necessary it is to make the best of our present Fortune, by a Dutiful Obedience to the Superiours that Heaven has set over us.*

To conclude, The rest is to desire every Critick, that is pleas'd to do me the Honour to read the following Piece, to allow me as much of his good Nature as he can well spare, assuring him there is nothing in it to offend him, or any one that will pass by the same sort of Railery, that has been us'd formerly; for the better explaining of which, I have at the End of the Book, written Annotations to every Canto, *which tho to the Learned may be needless, may to others be useful, who design to consider Honest* Collin *according to his Merit, whom if I find well receiv'd by the Party I intend him to divert, I will in the last three Days of my next Part, carry to* Westminster-Abby *to see the Tombs; to* Gresham-College *to admire a* Virtuoso, *and to* Bedlam, *to give him occasion by that Epitome, to make the better Remarques upon our Nation, and particularly upon his own Tribe, the Contentious and Irreconcilable (tho indefatigably Devout) Brethren.*

ERRATA.

PAge 4. line 2. read make, p. 5. l. 3. r. *Gunnus*, p. 8. l. 14. r. his, p. 12. l. 13. r. thrifty, p. 15. l. 14. r. fram'd, p. 47. l. 18. r. t' instruct, p. 74. l. 14. r. for neither, p. 75. l. 1. r. vellified, p. 83. l. 3. r. thefe, p. 119. l. 21. r. likeneſs, p. ibid. l. 19. r. the Track, p. 148. l. 15. r. to view, p. 178. l. 10. r. me think.

COLLIN's Walk, &c.

Argument of the First Canto.

Two Characters the parts Extolling
Of th' Jacobite and Country Collin;
Their hot disputes almost to Rage,
On the Transactions of the Age;
The one exposing Popish Crimes,
The other grumbling at the Times;
Till that true Methods might be known,
They both resolve a March to Town.

CANTO I.

WHen Fate by Modern (a) Abdication,
Begun to cheer the blubbering Nation;
When Grandees fled for fear of Sledges,
And Constables Enacted *Reges*;

Whilſt the ſhorn Tribe at fatal Rumours,
Got to St. *Tyburn*, or St. *Omers*;
When crowds by Zealous Inſtigations,
Beat down the Priviledge of Nations
Like rotten Tubs, or empty Casks,
The bowels burnt of Popiſh Moſques;
And their (*b*) bold Chief that led them all,
Proudly had ſcorn'd his *Quondam* Stall:
Where often he with gore Embrew'd,
Had done his hungry Country good.
To manage now the Potent Rabble,
Spred in Battalions formidable,
Who can expreſs what fears did cripple
The Hearts, as well as Legs oth' People?
Eſpecially the Country Rout,
By Ignorance more expos'd to doubt,
Who when their Garlick Votes they give
To Coin a Repreſentative,
Tho the ſame time no Rhubarb purges,
So much as chooſing of the Burgeſs;

Yet

Yet having don't by wise direction,
Resolve to stand by their Election,
And for redress of grievances
In clusters join like Sawsages;
Some thirty thousand, that for sense
O're rated are at thirty Pence;

Amongst their Rural *Myrmidons*,
This tawny Tribe of *Adams* Sons,
That met in Troops to make Confusion,
Rather than help the Revolution,
Two only shall their Merit force,
To make our subject of discourse.
The first a doughty Major was
In th' *North* so known for Clumsie Grace,
'Tis said he once went very near
T'have been Elected Knight o'th' Shire;
Had not Fame blabb'd in his despite,
And nois'd him for a *Jacobite*,
A Modern Title us'd of late
For grumblers at the turn of State,

Who itching to be Loyal thought,
Make freedom and Religion nought;
But e're we to his mind digress,
'Tis fit we write his shape and dress,
Both being rare in their extream,
And aptly suiting with our Theam.
His Noddle was of largest size,
Which show'd its owner wondrous Wise,
Since bounteous Nature took such pains,
Th' apartment should not crowd his Brains,
As Watches that are deepest made,
Show best the Artist at his Trade,
The Springs and Wheels within that lurk,
Having more room to do their work:
So Nature his capacious Skull,
Still in his own opinion full,
Like Fabrick built with studious care,
That Wit might take good Lodgings there.
His Nose altho not sprouting from
The honour'd *Naso's* of Old *Rome*,

By which they were esteem'd endow'd
With Wisdom and with Fortitude;
Yet was the Gnomen of his Face
As Famous in another Case;
And tho no Type of *Roman* power,
Had much o'th' Grandeur of a *Moon*:
Large, Round, and flatted by his Nurse,
As Traders use (*z*) *Bollonian* Curs:
His Face not skinn'd with finest Leather,
Like Warriour form'd to keep out weather.
By Wars abroad and Pox at home,
Indented like a Honey-Comb;
Where plain the dreadful marks did show
Of dint of Scab and dint of Blow.
And as fond Lovers make appear
That in the Dimples of the Fair
Small *Cupids* Lye, with pointed Darts
To storm the Fortresses of Hearts;
So *Mars* Inur'd to do hurt,
Lay frowning here in Flakes of dirt;

And danger peep'd from every Cell
To make him look more Terrible:
Upon his Chin no hair must grow,
Which made some call him an old Beau;
For Man of War, as wanton was
At Fifty, as a Colt at Grass;
And had not th' Times his honour segu'd,
As often now had been Intrigu'd;
Surpriz'd and Charm'd his Martial Genus,
With the gay charms of *Nuda Venus*;
And tho the lower end of's Face,
By Barbers Art lost hairy Grace,
Yet at the upper end there lay
Abundance thatch'd like Stack of Hay,
To guard his Eyes, of greenish Grey;
Besides lank Tresses an Ell long
On Poll, to show the *Sampson* strong.

His Person best observers deem
Of portly Stature, tall and slim,

With parts of large extendure born,
To look o're Hedges and view Corn;
Or in a crowd at Country Fairs,
Peep o're the reſt at Cudgel Players;
But was in Actions Brave or Wiſe
No more than thoſe of leſſer ſize;
Nor had he worn ('tis ſaid) that height,
But for his Nurſe that took delight
To make him ſprowt as faſt as Hops,
With a ſtrong Broth of Nettle-Tops;
A Learned way to lengthen Youth,
As Daizy-buds to ſtint the growth.
Thus was his Perſon deck'd by Nature,
Thus dignified with form and feature;
And thus as Nature did her beſt,
So Natures Taylor did the reſt,
Making his outward Garb agree
Juſt with his Souls (*d*) Oeconomy.
His Coat was of that bloody-hue,
That in paſt times did Fields imbrew,

On which did discontented Eye,
Some sparks of old Embroidery,
That flourish'd in their glittering state,
In the sad Year of Eighty Eight;
But now by dint of Fortune's flaws,
As torn and tatter'd as the Cause.
His Waistcoat was of stubborn Buff,
Some say Fuizee and Ponyard proof,
Lin'd aptly to defend Contusion,
With sullen hardy Resolution,
Where Muff hung fast with Gauntlets in,
Made of an old tough Badgers skin.
And since 'tis needless to expose
His Stockins, or describe, &c. Shooes,
Or Legs, or Feet, since't may be guess'd
They were Synonimous to th' rest,
We'll spare their Vertues or Defects,
To fall upon his Intellects.

First, that his Mind his Person full,
He was much gifted in dispute,

And

And whether of *Rome's* Church, or *Greek*,
Or *English*, or he were to seek
For any (as 'tis very rare
To find Devotion in the War)
I know not, but affirm it shall,
That he durst argue on them all,
Himself with his own Tenets please,
And those he not confuted, teize.
In Politicks and Poetry,
So great a Critick none, as he;
Bold in conceit, in humour strong,
Would back his Judgment right or wrong.
Tho still his chiefest Talent lay
Disputing in the Martial way;
None e're like him so perfect were,
In fighting o're the Civil War;
He'd tell what part then or before,
From *Edg-Hill* Fight, to *Marston-Moor*,
With all their Actions and their Names,
From *Cromwell* to Unlucky ——

As readily as I can tell,
The Names oth' people where I dwell;
Most famous too of all the Nation,
In Methods of Fortification,
Renown'd abroad, and had been once
At th' Siege of *Gravelling*, and at *Mons*;
And seen besides t'exalt his Joy,
(*e*) The Works of Famous *Charleroy*,
On which you need but tip his Tongue,
To hear a Speech of six hours long;
Loud and unweary without stint,
Which tho no truth, had method in't.

In th' Mathematicks he was right as
That Noble Artist fam'd (*f*) *Archytas*,
And spake as learnedly his part,
As he, in all the Terms of Art.
He'd tire your Ears with (*g*) Pentagons,
With Bastions, Ravellings, and Half Moons,
With Counterscarp and Parapett,
Rampires and Horn-works make you sweat;

And

And all your Out-works would Aſſail,
With his Eternal Swallows Tail.
In brief, there was ſo much in's Sconce
Cry'd up by all the Romiſh Sons,
That all the Senate and their Senſe,
Their Threatnings and their Puniſhments,
Stopt not his grumbling at the State,
Altho he ne're could tell for what.

In this Wiſe Rank, where few are Sager,
Full of himſelf, appear'd our Major,
Who tho diſcarded from Command,
Did great in Self-opinion ſtand,
And in ſome cloſe Cabal of's own,
Each Night turn'd Nations upſide down,
Incourag'd by grave Inſtigations,
Plots and Diſperſing Declarations;
And caus'd poor Clod pates wanting Reaſon,
To be whipp'd for't and ſent to Priſon,
But ſhew'd diſcretion great as Valour,
To keep his own Neck out oth' Collar.

Yet

Yet ſtill to further what he could,
And ſtir the Factious Party's mood,
Would blow Diſſentious Coals to burn,
In all he found fit for his turn.
Thus was our Man of War endued,
With parts as popular as ſhrewd;
Whom now we'll leave the Scene to vary,
And treat of his Contemporary.

Under a towring Hill, as ſteep
As ever yet broke Neck of Sheep,
Or lifted Beacon to diſcloſe
The bold Invaſions of our Foes,
A ſnug and thirſty Manſion ſtood,
Quite Muffled in a Verdant Wood,
By Houſwife Nature there deſign'd
To Neſtle Rooks, and keep off Wind;
And tho the well thatch'd Roof a Storm
Could balk, and dwellers keep from harm,
Upheld by the aſſiſtance good,
Of Poſt of Oak, and Wall of Mud;

Yet its best Refuge were the Trees,
In Winters cold Extremities.
Here *Collin* liv'd, *Collin* the Great,
Of whom we now make haste to treat,
In happy Solitude possessing
Ceres and *Flora*'s chiefest Blessing.
And tho Fate here no Empire sent,
Yet was there its best part content,
And *Collin* paying Rent in Pennance,
For being one oth' Majors Tenants,
Himself as Absolute still saw
As any Duke of *Modena*,
And manag'd yearly in his Hand,
Tho not his Titles, as much Land.
A Wight he was whom Nature made,
When she was tir'd with too much Trade,
And in the hurry slipt away,
Not half made up the lump of Clay:
And as the Major some nice Eyes
Diverted with his Maypole size:

So

So *Collin* often us'd to do,
With *Pigmy* Corps as much too low.
His face could brag true Symmetry,
But that it chanc'd to want an Eye,
Thump'd out in Shire they call *Cornwall*,
With (*b*) hurling for a silver Ball,
A surly pastime which they frame
To Match the Old *Olympick* Game,
And tho that lois in a Town Beau
Would never be lamented so;
Who when he'd charm a Ladies heart,
With one Eyes glance performs the part,
Yet this no Rule in *Collin* was,
Who feelingly bemoan'd his lois,
And wish'd for Eye agen to see
More than for Ogling faculty.
But since no Cure could be by Art,
He put the rest in Mourning for't;
For up to t'other Eye the Bare
Was muffled with black tufts of Hair,

Sworn

Sworn foe to Scizars or to Razor,
And Savage grown as *Nebuchadnezzar*.
His bulk was larger made by Nature,
To make amends for Dwarf-like ſtature;
But then as if ſhe ſwore his Ruine,
And had forgot what ſhe was doing,
Each foot like an unnatural Brother,
Was running ſtill away from t'other.
And as great Maſters toil with thoſe
Who Dancing turn not out their Toes,
So he to walk like other men,
As often toil'd to turn his in.
Wiſe Providence, his uſeful parts
Fam'd not to Captive Ladies Hearts,
But gave him able arms and back,
To Weild a Flail and carry Sack,
And in all Stations active be,
Adapt to prudent Husbandry.
In which wiſe Art is ſtoried of him,
No Perſon e're was rank'd above him;

Not

Not (*i*) *Tusser* fam'd for Rural Wit,
Nor he the lofty *Georgicks* Writ,
Tho ne're befriended so with History,
Could outdo *Collin* in his Mystery.
He knew that Land lying *South South West*,
Still for the Purchaser was best;
By Thistles tall 'twould fertile be,
But small or short, the contrary.
Knew when young Plants were weak or strong,
Could make Hops grow with Pidgeons dung;
Setting and Sowing tell in a Day
The Hops in *March*, and Flax in *May*.
And tell the lucky hour with ease
In *February*, for Beans and Pease;
Search the hid Nature of the Moon
To find if Plants were set too soon;
And manage wane, or waxing State,
As if she had bin his Intimate.
He'd tell what Bullocks fate was Tragick
So right, some thought he dealt in Magick.

And as well knew by wisdom outward,
What Ox must fall, or Sheep be stoter'd.
Nor was this all, for he as sure
As he Destroy'd, had skill to Cure,
If any of his Flock were seiz'd
By heat, with wrigling Disease,
By sheering off the Wool upon't,
And rubbing Dust in Fundament,
The curb'd Distemper reign'd no more,
And he was sounder than before.
In Gardening too he could discourse,
Profoundly skill'd in Herbs and Flowers,
Knew Wormwood good to Murder Fleas,
That Honey and Water nourish'd Bees,
When Winter Tempests ill befriends,
And numbs with Frost their Fingers ends;
Nay, even the Hogsty could not alledge
One fault in's Universal Knowledge.
He knew to treat a friendly Guest,
White Pig that Sucks before the best,

And ne're was found to be mistaken,
In which was best for Brawn or Bacon.
In fine, he lov'd the Herd so well,
He oft would to his Neighbours tell,
That one in's Stye was near Relation,
To those destroy'd by (*k*) *Diocletian.*

Thus in the Ancient *Georgick* Lore,
Was *Collin* famous, and much more
Than did with his course Garb agree,
In Mystical Mythology.
For he his outward dress declin'd,
To add perfections to his Mind;
And often wore, like Tatter'd wretches,
A Coat with several colour'd patches;
With Breeches germain to the Hide,
Whence the Thong came by which they r ty'd.
A Natural and Careless habit,
Made to hunt Otter, Fox, or Rabbit;

But

But at a Fair, or on Lords-day,
Would blaze in Manufacture Grey.

Inspire me *Phœbus*, to repeat here
The great parts of this little Creature,
Which Heaven did so profusely give,
And cramm'd in Corps diminutive.
His Father was a grave Philosopher,
That many a Mystick Book did tosse over;
To know the Essences of Creatures,
Of Flowers and Fruits the hidden natures,
Of Bodies too the Species all
Homo or Heterogeneal:
Had been a Preacher, but turn'd out,
For being more learned than devout;
For leaving of Divine (*l*) *Drexelius*,
To ponder on occult (*m*) *Cornelius*.
Whilst closely studying the Black Art,
The Parish Ign'rance broke his heart.

He was the first could prove that Magick
Did lesser hurt than prating Logick;
Since one you compass knowledge by,
And t'other teaches ye to lye.
That th' Sybils by that Art did know
Of Christ two thousand years ago.
That *Magi* was the Name expresst,
The three Wise men came out o'th' East:
And that Magicians scorn'd the Devil,
And held no commerce with things evil;
Tho our illiterate vulgar Loobies,
Will swear he daily sucks their Bubbies.
He also knew that (*n*) *Zoroaster*,
Was first that did this Science master.
Which soon improv'd by *Trismegistus*,
And others that were fam'd Assisters:
They prove Mysterious Magick lyes,
On three substantial Faculties.
Whose Theologick Influence,
As well as Mathematick Sence,

Proves use of Sacred Reason there,
As well as Sun or Moon, or Star,
And that 'twas Enthusiastick folly,
To think things impious mix with holy.
Thus gifted was our *quondam* Parson,
And tho our lately publish'd whoreson
Could not those subtle seeds acquire,
That sprung and flourish'd in his Sire;
He had to ballance t'others arts,
A double stock of natural parts;
And Politiques, Statute Law or Civil,
Could argue like a little Devil.

As for Religion, that was best
That suited with his Interest:
Sometimes for th' *English* Church pains taker,
Dissenter next, and oft a *Quaker*;
For that with him did best agree
That was like him, most slovenly;
He took first method from their Clothes,
And next their snuffling through their Nose:

Read and knew all their ableſt men,
From *Naylor* down to *William P—*;
And could diſcourſe emphatickly,
On all their Canting Sophiſtry.
In brief, to ſift him nearer home,
He was all Sects but that of *Rome*;
Sworn by his Sire their Tribe to hate,
As once was (*o*) *Hannibal the Great*.
Not Hunters to the wearied Hare,
Not Fox to Dog, nor Dog to Bear,
So fatal was, nor fear'd a Gueſt
As *Collin* to a Baldpate Prieſt,
The Ancient Creeds he could maintain,
Whither th' Apoſtles or *Nicene*:
By dint of ſolid Argument,
Confound their Council too of *Trent*,
And could knock out as with a Club,
The very Brains of their *Tranſub*:
By plaineſt Proofs and common ſenſe,
Deny their ſeven Sacraments;

And to the Church of *England* due
The Right, to prove there are but two.
When Humerous Will, or Quaking Zeal,
For Interest made him not Rebel,
None could be more a fam'd Instructer,
Bawl or Dispute more like a Doctor.

This Inspir'd Wight, this more than Span,
This Renown'd Microcosm of Man;
Major with Counsel Grave and Hearty,
Strove to bring over to his Party.
And now upon the same concern,
Was come to th' door of an Old Barn,
Where *Collin* that at Thrift was early,
Was filling up a Sack with Barly;
Who after common Complement,
Of how dee, Nod, and thank ye, spent,
He looking up, and seeing a Sager
Grimage, than us'd in face of Major;

Desir'd him to the House draw near,
And taste a Cup of his *March* Beer;
Which being with surly grace agreed,
Away they march with no great speed,
To enter into Parlour low,
Built for convenience more than show;
The cleanly inside of the Room,
Declar'd its Friendship with the Broom:
For as in Palace built with Cedar,
No Spider e're can be a breeder;
So here where Rue with Rushes lay,
You were as safe from sawcy Flea.
The story of the Prodigal,
Instead of Arras, deck'd the Wall:
With Proclamations mix'd, and Votes;
The Suffering Phiz of Righteous *O*——,
Jenkins and *Naylors* Exhortations;
And *Grizzels* Ode, so fam'd for Patience;
The thrifty owner did invent
For cheap and comely Ornament.

When

When having given Thirſt its due,
And each had quaff'd a quart or two;
Then for a while, like Topers bred,
Look'd Wiſe, and no great matter ſaid:
The Major firſt began to open,
And rouze up *Collin*, half aſlopen.

Quoth he, the ferment of this Beer,
Which we have drank ſo largely here,
Preſents me with an apt occaſion
To deſcant on the frothy Nation:
The Genius of the Land throughout
Being much like a large Bowl of Stout:
For as ſtrange fumes of Brain make ſeizure
Of thoſe that in exceſs take pleaſure;
Which oft cauſe Rage, & ſometimes Scourging,
Qualms, Head-akes, and obſcene diſgorging;
So fares it in this Revolution
With ſome that nouriſh'd the Confuſion;

Who may perhaps ſpew out with leiſure,
What they took in with ſo much pleaſure;
For as none know what cramps our Toes,
So well as we that wear the Shooes;
And none can judge of Courts or Factions,
Till they have ſtudied their tranſactions,
Is plain; yet that I may not be
Guilty of blind Temerity;
From the firſt Juncture, to this moment
I've doubted ſomething ill would come on't.

At this the ſubtle *Collin* ſcratch'd
His Crown, with Sable Treſſes thatch'd;
And ſmil'd to find his Landlord Tory,
Still pumping him on the old ſtory.
But to hear more, thought the beſt way
To give him Line, and let him play.
As ſkilful Fiſhers make a ſhift
To tire what is too big to lift.

This thought was just agreed upon,
When strait the Major thus went on.

I came (said he) of a good kind,
So much to Charity Inclin'd,
That even Vagabonds and Mumpers,
Have from my bounty had full Bumpers.
The Blind and Cripples in the Street,
I've oft reliev'd with broken Meat;
And many a *Christmas* Wassel Bowl,
Has felt the largess of my Soul.
Nor am I only thus inclin'd,
There is a Bounty of the Mind,
Which th' Ancients call Humanity,
Still so predominant in me!
It th' first excels beyond all price,
That offers Alms, but this Advice.
And tho best Rhetorick seems dull,
When th' Hearers belly is not full;

Sure

Sure ours that art, may give us leave
To hear, and if we hear, conceive.
Thou haſt for ſome months paſt been falling,
As ſurely as thy Name is *Collin*,
Into the moſt abſurd miſtake,
That ever ſenſe abus'd could make,
And 'twill be difficult I doubt,
With all my skill to help thee out;
For as men drowning, wanting ſences,
Drown thoſe that come to their Defences,
When if they would leave off their plunging,
They might be freed from watry Dungeon;
So I, perhaps, befriending thee,
May bring my ſelf to jeopardy.
Doſt thou not ſee, thou lump of Nature,
Thou ill-contriv'd, unfiniſh'd Creature,
What Ruines this late turn has made,
By Taxes, and by loſs of Trade,
When ſtill the weight of Court Ambition,
Falls moſt on thoſe of thy condition;

'Tis

'Tis their tough hands muſt help the Cauſe,
Their Labours back the Church and Laws,
Elſe all the Trooping Men of Blood,
'Tis thought would do but little good.
Had it not for us better been,
If th' Pope or Devil himſelf came in,
Than thus to involve our ſelves in War,
And plunge our Souls in endleſs Care,
By heedleſs emptying of our Purſes,
Make all our Wives and Children curſe us;
And all theſe rowling miſchiefs gather
For conſcience, yet have none on't neither.
Did not a Doctor t'other day,
That ſince has been forbid to Pray,
Declare the War to us would bring,
More ills than any *Romiſh* King,
And tho he now is Silenc'd for't,
The Phraſe was pithy, tho 'twas ſhort.
And many more of the ſame Mould,
That Orthodox Opinion hold,

Which

Which tho they Mouth it not in Halls,
Is frequent in their close Cabals,
Where they whole Kingdoms, with delight,
Turn topsy turvy every Night.
But thou because thy poring Head,
Has learnt to set a mark and read;
Canst tell when Sheep are to be shorn,
And brush the Mildew from green Corn;
Because thy Father, as I hear,
Was thought to be a Conjurer,
Dar'st to our Party give offence,
With dull Inervate fumbling sense,
And on wrong side thy self discover,
When I have pray'd thee to come over.

Quoth *Collin*, That I am a fumbler
In Wit's as true as you are a grumbler,
Yet dare affirm, tho with submission,
You are as bad a Politician:

Dreams,

Dreams, Whimſies, and unquiet Brains,
In all your buzzing Party reigns,
Which makes ye argue, rail and fight,
And think y' are always in the right,
When I can prove ſubſtantially,
There's none of ye ſo Juſt as I,
For my Religion is not known,
That yet I e're did plainly own:
Yet am ſo far your Churches friend,
I can her principles defend,
Gainſt all would break or make a flaw,
In Creeds Eſtabliſh'd by the Law;
In all revolves and turns of State,
Decreed by (what dee call him) Fate.
What's War but an Extream to try,
To do the Nation Juſtice by,
When the Neceſſity o'th' Cauſe,
Exacts Defence of Church and Laws?
For who dares boldly own a Church,
That dares to leave her in the lurch?

Pretend

Pretend he's willing to ensure her,
Yet grudge at Taxes to secure her,
As if he thought she could not want
Aid to her Title Militant,
But was her self so mighty grown,
To fight her Battels out alone,
Whilst all the while the fewds occurred,
Because, perhaps, y' are not preferred;
The Nation's in a lost condition,
Because y' have lost your late Commission;
Or that the Senate takes occasion,
To question some late Court Relation,
You'd seem to abhor Popery,
Yet hate that any Change should be;
Neglect the Souls Divine Profession,
By scrupling Temporal Succession;
Destroy your Peace and Countries both,
By kecking at th' Allegiance Oath;
And tho the *English* Church you own,
Still do your best to run her down.

Whilst

Whilſt I the Lump, th'unfiniſh'd Cripple
Prove more the Champion of the People;
Diſcovering of a firm neglect
Of all your ſtubborn grumbling ſect.
I Popery thraſh, as with a flayle,
And tell a plain and open Tale;
Whoſe bare-fac'd Reaſon ſoon ſhall be,
The bane of all Prieſt Sophiſtry;
Confute their (q)Baptiſm, Confirmations;
Their Matrimonial Conſecrations:
Their Euchariſt, Orders, Extream Unction,
Their Penmance too? that worſt Injunction,
With all the other Foppiſh Geer,
As eaſily as drink this Beer.
When you, that ſhould perform all this;
Since that Religion you profeſs;
In grumbling clubs, your rancour ſhew,
And now would have me do ſo too.
The Major at this deviliſh ſhock;
Look'd red, as any Turky-cock;

And ſpite of all his ſubtle Arts:
Quite daſh'd and ſtun'd, at *Collins* parts;
But on a ſudden, recollecting,
And ſlyly knowing the neglecting
Of what was ſaid, would look moſt wiſe:
After a fleer or two replys.

Quoth he, when ere thou get'ſt half mellow
Thou art the plaguieſt little fellow:
The ſoundeſt Arguments in vain
Attempt to ſtorm thy Pericrane,
No proof, tho ne're ſo much in ſeaſon,
Can ever bring thee to hear Reaſon,
For as 'tis vain, to greaſe their Chops
With dainties, that are fill'd with Scraps:
So bitts of Logick, here and there
Quirks and old Saws which thou doſt hear;
Cram thy conceited brain ſo full,
'Tis ſenſe loſt to trepan thy ſcull,
Thy prick-ear'd Sire taught fallacy,
And thou by natural Induſtry,

Framing

Framing a Lye, canſt make it prov'd
Art's Couſin Germain once remov'd:
For tho thou twit'ſt me with my pauſe
Of Action, in the Churches cauſe;
My grumbling at th' unquiet times,
Taxes, and diſobedient Crimes;
And ſlyly wouldſt thy ſelf imply,
A better friend to th' State than I:
Ile prove, that know the Cheat too well,
Thou'rt of a ſect us'd to rebel:
A Canter, an aſſembly Man;
A true blew Preſbyterian;
And ſometimes as the Saints agree,
A Quaker for variety:
I know thou canſt our cauſe diſpute:
Thou can'ſt, but didſt thou ever do't?
Vaſt odds there is to either faction:
Betwixt capacity, and action;
Strong Decrement, and difference too:
Between I can do't, and I do:

Have I not known this many years?
Thy Love to th' Tribe with the long Ears,
Where primming Sister, Aunt, or Coz,
Tune their warm Zeal, with Hum and Buz:
And bobtail'd Rogues are zealous at it,
On purpose to affront the Statute.
Did I not hear thee splutter once,
Because one call'd *Hugh Peters* dunce,
And swear that Chaplain of Old *Noll*
Out-preach'd the Bishops, at *White-Hall*:
That *Baxter's* call to th' Unconvented
Had force, even on the marble hearted:
Nay, in unhappy *J--s's* days
Thou didst, or I'me mistaken, praise
His acts of Grace, who still'd ye Friends,
Because ye suited to his Ends,
And knew to ruin th' Churches hope;
Rather than them, you'd bring the Pope:
How comes (I fain would know) th' Abuses?
The jarring late between the Houses?

But

But by your party Synogoguish,
Not half so Politique, as Roguish;
That for their Interest, or, for Hire
Make Brands, to set us all on fire:
Yet thou a little shrub, or worse,
A block for one, to mount a Horse;
A Hodge-podge of the Sciences,
Design'd by fate, in wits disgrace,
Darest with bold confidence direct me,
And tho my Vassals contradict me.

Quoth Collin, Tho I am your Tenant;
Take heed how you affront the Senate:
And so by Testy Will misled,
Bring an old House upon your head.
As for my self, what's said of me,
My Person, or Rusticity;
It only gives me leave to guess,
The force of your uneasiness:
Shrub, or what else to me's the same,
If men can know me by that name:

And tho you're fram'd more large by nature,
What are you tall Boys ere the better?
Unless you mean, to pride your selves
For reaching Cheeses, from high shelves.
Hows that? quoth Major, Hold quoth *Collin*
I am not such a Knipperdollin;
Not to allow as the case stands,
That you are stronger of your hands;
But that your tongues, your heads, or hearts,
Your judgments, or your other parts;
Excel in virtual faculty:
Craving your pardon, I deny.
Then granting that I am a Whig:
As you the question seem to beg:
It there should get the upper hand too:
What Church I ever own I'le stand too;
This war would little have to do:
Would all you grumblers do so too,
I am for Union in the Main:
What ere opinion I maintain:

For *Englands* wrongs, can here be righting,
Where fractions are, and diſuniting:
Joyn all againſt the common Foe:
And then ſee what the French can do;
I heard a tale related once,
Of an Old man that had three Sons,
Always at Jarrs, and making pothers;
That is, agreeing juſt like Brothers:
He having long obſerv'd their tricks,
One day a bundle fetch'd of Sticks,
And bad each ſeverally take it,
And try with all his force to break it:
This being not likely to be done,
He then to each of them gives one,
Which was, with very ſlight endeavours
By each as quickly broke in ſhivers.
My Sons, ſaid he, ſuch is your ſtate,
This is the Emblem of your fate;
In union joyn, you danger ſhun;
But ſever and you're all undone.

Zounds, quoth the Major, I am well
Acquainted with this parallel.
But how can we a union make?
When no one knows which side to take;
To make the Reasons better known:
Let's both resolve a march to Town:
And that I'me generous, thou mayst say,
I'le bear thy charges all the way,
There, if thou dost not find such Flaugers,
Such Scoundrels, Pimps, and Pettifoggers;
Such Crowds of Priests, in Parson's Gowns;
And 'gainst the Government such frowns:
That shall thee to their side unite,
And fix thee for a *Jacobite*,
Thou shalt no more be rul'd by me,
But I'le come over, straight to thee.

Agreed, quoth *Collin*, I shant win,
Or lose ought by't, now Harvests in;

And tho there is an aukward Fear
Hangs o're me, cauſe I ne're was there,
That my Behaviour may not yoke,
With the nice Princums of that Folk:
There's one that will my pains repay,
That owes me Twenty Pounds for Hay:
Pleaſure with Profit, ſay the Ancients,
Is beſt, when we take care o'th main Chance;
And tho I am not ſo Exotick
As he you call a Rank Phanatick:
Yet I muſt own the pleaſingſt Duty
Is, when Religion's mixt with Booty.
This ſaid, they top'd off t'other Quart,
Then for that Time agreed to part,
Major to get his Horſe, and Piſtols,
And *Collin* too, to furbiſh his Tools;
Reſolved for th' Town their Courſe to bend,
And a whole week in pleaſure ſpend;
Now mouldy Boots, well ſuppled were
And dragg'd from Graſs, the Py-ball'd Mare,

Pannel

Pannel with Girts on either ſide,
And Head in Halter trimly ty'd,
Expecting when her doughty Rider
Should Settle either Leg beſide her,
Which in a day or two being done,
And *Collin* with grey Jacket on,
And long *Toledo* hanging juſt
At hand, well oyl'd to hinder Ruſt,
Made his firſt Onſet on the way,
To meet the Major *Cap-a-pee*:
The Neighbours thought, they ſaw a viſion,
All wondring at their Expedition;
And every clowted Plowman ſtares
At *Collins* Graces, and his Mares;
Where now we'l leave em, to purſue
The Journey with our mighty two:
Who after three days tireſome Jogging,
On *Sunday* even found their lodging.
An Inn, where Gueſts well treated were
Near to a place call'd *Temple-Bar*:

When

When having ſet their Horſes up here,
And took an Egg or two for Supper,
Each ſoon complain'd of drowzy Head,
And by agreement went to Bed,
Where tired Nature Sleep repairs,
And locks their Senſes from their Cares.
But what befel them when they roſe;
The Second *Canto* ſhall diſcloſe.

The End of the Firſt Canto.

Mon-

MONDAY's Walk.

Argument of the Second Canto.

The walk begun, the Rabble flock
Round Collin, *at Saint* Dunstans *Clock;*
Who arguing on the naked Figures,
Was likely to be whipp'd like Beggars,
Till Major out of Christian Pitty
Reliev'd, and drag'd him into th' City;
Which happening on a Lord Mayors day,
They both fall into another Fray.

CANTO II.

NOw had the Goddess of the Year
Long flourish'd in her Summer Geer,
And envious Autumn in Revenge
With dust had spoyl'd her green Fountange,

When

When our two worthies came to Town:
To make their different Tenets known:
Who, having risen from their Couches,
Awak'd with *London* Cryes and Coaches,
Their Host in getting Breakfast busied,
And to their Steeds made formal visit;
From Lodging door, they march'd away,
To make the Progress of the day,
And passing under *Temple-Bar*,
Collin whose business twas to stare,
Oagling about, on t'other side
Over the Gate, aloft had spy'd,
The Image, of that Royal Maid
That forty Years this Nation sway'd:
Defending it victoriously,
Against the Devil, and Popery,
This object had so charm'd his Noddle,
And tip'd his Tongue to begin Prattle,
There would have been a speech no doubt here,
Had not the Coaches throng'd about here,

So

So thick they did of force prevent
His Honours, and his Complement,
Beſides a Jogg from th' Major, who
Now found, 'twould be ſome work to do
Juſtice, and make the Mob forbear
Jibes on his fellow Traveller.

Near th' place where Shoals of Lawyers live,
And by the Subjects ruin thrive,
There ſtands an ancient Houſe of Prayer,
Which is by thoſe inhabit near;
Eclip'd St. *Dunſtan's*, and ſo nam'd
From that bleſt (*a*) Saint of old ſo fam'd;
That with the Devil, hand to fiſt,
Once argued on our Saviour Chriſt,
Who finding all the proofs but fictions,
That Satan, tho his Contradictions
Were anſwered, yet, would ſtill oppoſe,
Made bold to take him by the Noſe,
And right the Church, and his own Wrongs
With a huge pair of Red-hot Tongs:

Since

Since when his fame so much is priz'd,
And by the Town so Canoniz'd:
His Piety, and Worth's expreſt
Even from the Eaſt, unto the Weſt;
His Picture publiſh'd, and his Power,
From th' Chappel, to the Tavern door.
Cloſe to this Holy Wall there ſtands:
An Engine built by human hands:
To ſhew the depth of mortal Senſe;
And prove Mechanick Excellence:
Two Savages arm'd with Battoons,
On Bells, make here alternate Sounds,
T' expreſs the Power of Art ſublime,
And ſhew us how we waſte our Time,
Daily, by this we teach our Eyes,
Or Ears, the proper Time to riſe;
And as much ſtands us too in ſtead:
Inſtruct us when to go to Bed;
The Town ſo much is rul'd by this,
Some Students make Hypotheſis,

That

That did it not the hour repeat,
Men knew not when to go to Meat;
Or take it in a nicer way,
Not when to dine, or when to pray
Such Miracles it could impart;
By myſtick Horologick Art:
And now had drawn great numbers thither,
Of all Degrees, commixt together
The naked Savages to ſee
Perform their hidden Myſtery;
Who yearly had the hour made known,
And Day, and Night, each quarter ſhown.

Amongſt the Crowd, this fam'd deviſe:
Had now attracted by the Eyes
Collins concern was none o'th' leaſt:
His preciſe Senſe could not digeſt
Figures ſo near the Houſe of Prayer
Undecently ſhould ſtand ſo bare,

Therefore

Therefore tho Major backward drew him;
Fore-knowing what would happen to him:
With voice most audible, and high;
Thus eas'd himself, on those were by;

I am, quoth he, just come to Town:
And if I had before-hand known,
What I perceive now comes to pass,
My Mare should ne're have stirr'd from Grass
At least, to give me the Occasion
Of noting this Abomination;
Well may our Brethren rail at Churches,
When thus their guilty Walls, and Porches
Are slandred, with the Effigies
Of Savage Beasts, and Nudities;
What greater Sin can be? or folly?
Than to mix Shameful things with Holy;
Where Saints and Cherubs should have been,
To place two Fiends with parts Obscene;

Who but for Rag tack'd round the Wall,
Would even from Senecs fright the Chaft,
Thoſe that will take the pains to read
May hear of (b) *Arthops* indeed,
Where thoſe of either Sex ſtill wore,
No other Robes but flaps before;
And if they met Friend or Relation,
To ſhew their breeding, 'twas the Fashion
To turn the Flap a little by,
And ſhew each other Courtesy,
Which paſs'd as well with them, as now
With us, a Courtesy or a Bow;
In *Affrick* this might apt appear,
But 'twould be Devillish manners here:
Suppoſe this Savage ſwoln with Pride,
Should Beaſt-like turn his Flap aſide;
Which, with this hand he might as well,
As with the other ſtrike the Bell;
What ſhame would that be to a Nation?
That boaſts of a true Reformation,

If merit (as 'tis said) be known
By the discreet Behaviour shown,
A gentile or a surly Boar
Found by his Porter at the Door,
How much more in our preaching Houses,
Ought we to punish such Abuses,
When wicked, rude, and beastly Forms,
Idolatrous, the Walls adorns.
This said, with hoarse ungrateful tone,
He look'd about to get a stone,
Fully resolv'd to be revenging
The Cause, upon that savage Engine,
But finding in the stubborn street,
The Flints were all to fast to get,
His wonder greater than before,
This urg'd fermenting rage the more,
What strange uncouth and barbarous Nation,
And to what curs'd Generation
Am I arriv'd, where I must see,
And not rebuke Impiety?

Where even their stones deny Assistance,
As if they thought 'twould be a Mischance
To trample on that Idol Log,
That Savage Heathen *Demagog*,
That with Intention lewd, as vain,
Stands tinckling with those Bells prophane.
How far do we excel with voyces
Bells, Organs, and such carnal Noises?
When pious Sister strains her Graces,
And tunes her Treble to our Bases:
Devotion needs no artful aid,
For when the sacrifice is made
We're sure our Zeal to Heaven doth go,
Whether it be in Tune, or no:
Tho the harmonious part we knew,
Be as Dogs howl, or as Cats mew:
Aid me then Friends, and quickly I
Will maul that Type of Popery,
That Engineer of *Belzebub*,
That *Roman Hercules* with the Club,

That ſtands there to amuſe the Nation,
With hourly feats of Conjuration,
Aid all I ſay, to rout this Pagan,
This ſecond Cheat of *Bell* and *Dragon*;
For thoſe that not aſſiſt his fall,
I pronounce Slaves, and Cuckolds all,
Scarce could the wrathful *Collin* reach,
To the bold *Finis* of his Speech,
But all the Crowd were drawn about him,
Some to admire, but moſt to flout him,
Mongſt whom, a Carman that ſtood by
And long had gaz'd, with envious Eye,
On that ungrateful mein of his,
His ſtrange artire, and ſtranger Phiz;
Thus loudly made his Anger roar:

Thou Son of carted *Northern* Whore,
Thou Splayfoot, blind phanatick Rogue?
How doſt thou dare? to diſembogue
Thy filth, without a thouſand lives,
Againſt our Credits, and our Wives;

In all this ſtuff thou haſt o'rerun,
What hath thy canting dogſhip done
But rallied on an harmleſs Clock,
That in one hour, more truth hath ſpoke,
By help of thoſe aſſiſting clubs,
Than all your Tribe in all their Tubs?
As I can plainly make appear
From the Creation, to this Year:
But ſince you come (Sir Presbyter)
From Ploughing to affront us here,
Tis reaſon, being met together,
That we ſhould give you welcome hither.
At this his whip with knotted Laſh
Lifted by arm as Strong, as Raſh,
Round *Collins* ſhoulders (*c*) ſmartly twang'd,
And thrice the well wove Ruſſet bang'd,
E're he would give him leave to breath,
Or Bilboe good from caſe unſheath;
Which now being brandiſh'd in the Air,
Reſolv'd, loſt honour to repair,

But

But all alas! in vain, for now;
The Mobile had rumour'd how
That *Collin*'s Zeal had been so foolish
To swear, the Church he would demolish.
And all were closing up to thump him,
Or as a newer sport to pump him;
When *Pallas* (*a*) who design'd to save
If possible, the brains she gave,
From sturdy tough Battoons that batter,
As well as Cataracts of Water:
Whisper'd into the Majors Ear,
To act a *Wapping* Press Master,
And so his Neighbour off to bring,
Under pretence to serve the King,
This plot was put in Execution,
Just as those clods of Resolution,
That filthy nest of suburb Vermin
Were thronging up t'assist the Carman,
Who still in spite of *Collin*'s drawing,
Was back and sides with Whipcord tawing,

Till Major by the trick aforesaid
Releas'd him, tho perhaps with sore side,
And drew him from the Crowd away,
As if he'd send him straight to Sea:
But scarce had they a Furlong gone,
From place where this bold feat was done,
When *Collin* that with Whipping fight,
Felt himself but in evil plight;
By th Testy Major was harrang'd
And with as sharp brow beating bang'd.

Is't possible, quoth he, thou dull
Insenble Jolt-headed Fool,
That thou darst ever have pretence
To any Argument of Sense;
Yet be so sordid thus to get,
A flauging, by meer want of wit,
Canst thou, O Dunce, discover Flaws
And Failings in the Nations cause,

Yet not be gifted to be able
Through Prudence, to avoid the Rabble,
That thus have whipp'd thee like a ſtock,
And for the ſilliest cauſe, a Clock;
Why? what a Devil had it been
To thee, if *Peter* (e) *Aretine*
With all his Nudities, and Poſtures,
Had deck'd the Walls or inward Cloyſters?
Or if thoſe Figures there that tell
The minutes paſſing, on that Bell,
Whom thou compar'ſt in ſenſeleſs chat
To *Ethiops*, and the Devil knows what,
Stood there, expoſing Bums as bare
As firſt, we too the Midwife were;
Was it for thee with that one Eye,
To peep into their Privity,
With ſolid Confidence reveal,
What they with Aprons do conceal,
And ſawcily, become Director
Of Temples, and their Architcture,

Re-

Revile the Church, and run it down,
Becauſe thou art thy ſelf of none;
But like thy Tribe of canting Widgeons,
A Gallimaufry of Religions;
Make the eſtabliſh'd one to feel,
The claws of blind Republique Zeal:
And ſo procure for thy own back
A juſt reward, of ſtripe and thwack,
Laid on with ſuch entire good Will,
That had not I with dextrous skill,
Appear'd i'th' Nick to help thee from't;
As thou art ſlaſht, thou hadſt been pump'd.

Pump'd, anſwer'd *Collin*, pray impart,
The meaning of that Term of Art;
Leſt I ſhould conſtrue it amiſs,
And think it worſer than it is.
Pump'd, crys the Major, who might ſee
By this, his Neighbours Vacancy,

His

His Ignorance, and grosse Defect;
In the Town Tricks, and dialect,
Pump'd in my sense, is cooling Courage;
When th' People for diversion, or rage;
Do punish Pick-pockets, or Whores,
For filching, or too fond Amours:
A decent Guerdon too for Bayliffs,
That lurk in close By-Lanes and Alleys,
Or lye perdue in some blind Alehouse,
To nab some needy honest Fellows:
But being seiz'd, and hamper'd first,
Are carri'd straight to quench their Thirst,
To a strange Wooden kind of Fountain,
That doth great store of Water contain;
And there without a cup to fill,
Are forc'd to drink against their Will,
When great Civility appears,
If they get safely off with Ears,
To men the Sourse on th' head descends,
But th' women on their nether ends;

Cold

Cold Water being thought from thence,
Beſt purger of Concupiſcence;
And thus had it not been for me,
They certainly had water'd thee.

Quoth *Collin*, that abhorr'd Invention,
As modern Hiſtories do mention,
Was firſt made to revenge a grudge
Ow'd to the *Engliſh* by the *Dutch*;
Who at *Amboyna* ſew'd in Leather,
Were gorg'd with drink, whole days together;
And now to further beariſh powers,
Is learnt by th' *Engliſh* Sons of Whores,
A Race moſt famous known to be,
For Maſtives, and for Mobile;
'Tis true indeed this Canine uſage,
Was cuſtomary in the *Jews* age:
But in a ſober Chriſtian Nation,
Shews little like a Reformation;

Where purblind Rage no Judgment grants,
To know the Sinners, from the Saints:
But impudently turn Correctors
Of men, design'd for their Instructors:
Blindly to every mischief bent,
Affront the civil Government;
Which was in this late turn design'd,
For the relief of all Mankind:
In which if I cou'd once mistrust,
One false step, or an Act unjust;
A siding with our Roman Foes,
Or breach of *Coronation Vows*;
That falshood, I should ne're endure,
But turn a Grumbler too, as you are:
For Loyalty is not still the same,
If we are cheated in the Game:
Nor can the Dials truth be known,
If it be never shin'd upon.
Action makes Virtue greater be,
Than its dull Passive Quality:

Or

Or else my late Affronts, and Stripes,
Which of my Merrit are the Types;
Were as propitious and as kind,
As if I had done the thing design'd;
Which tho by-standers should receive,
I should in my sense believe,
Reason and Argument are good,
Just only as they're understood.
This was the prize, which late I fought,
And my Instruction prov'd my Fault.

He (quoth the Major) that would teach
The Rabble Reason, with a Speech,
Is like one pleading to a Fry
Of Barbarous *Arthropophagi*,
Or singing Sonnets, or Love Tales,
To a rude Race of Canibals;
When all he gets by his soft Sport,
Is th' sooner to be eaten sort.

With

With such Discourse, as true as witty;
They got into the heart o'th' City,
To the best Mart in Christendom,
Nick-nam'd the *Old-Exchange* were come,
A place renown'd for the Access
Of Nations, and of Languages;
Citts, Saylors, Sheriffs with Gold Chains;
Cuckolds, and Common Council men;
Lords, Lawyers, Livery-men here meet,
And one another daily cheat:
And tho it doth in Records appear,
That the Foundation is but Pepper;
The upper part makes great amends,
Which shews to their admiring Friends,
A Row of *English* Queens and Kings,
With Globes, and Scepters, and fine things;
Some whole, and some through Anger broke,
As if they had disdain'd the Yoke
Of Royal Slavery, 'mongst those,
Who their Obedience Passive, lose,

But

But amongſt all the mighty reſt,
One plac'd alone below, look'd beſt;
Charles by command of divine Grace,
With lofty Mein, and Lyon Face,
Stoood *Solus*, as if thought to be
Too good for t'others Company.
No ſooner had the Major ſeen,
The Furrows of that Phiz ſerene,
When with his Eyes fix'd on the ground,
He made a Reverence ſo profound,
That *Collin* firmly did ſuppoſe
He toucht the Pavement with his Noſe:
Then ſtepping back to former ſtation,
To Figure Royal, begins Oration.

Thou beſt belov'd of all thy Race,
That ſtands i'th' cold to deck this place,
Permit me with a due Complaiſance,
At thy great Foot to pay Obeyſance;

Behold

Behold me here oppreſs'd with Dolours,
A tatter'd Remnant of thy Colours;
A poor Disbanded Officer,
That once for thee did Half-pike bear:
And tho the quiet of thy Reign,
Kept me from Fights where men are ſlain;
None e're in Peace did Dirt-pye Storm
More fierce, nor feats of War perform.
True happineſs no Age can have,
Whoſe Monarch is not Wiſe and Brave;
The witty Coward, or hardy Fool,
Being equally unfit to rule:
And both of theſe thou didſt enjoy;
Or one that could 'em both ſupply.
Hadſt thou but miſs'd Fit Apoplectick,
I queſtion whither a *French* Sceptick,
Would at this day have found our Nation,
A Subject for his Contemplation;
That Wit that always bubbled us,
Had found a War Incongruous,

And ne're rely'd a future Reign
On dint of blow, but dint of brain.
Ah! Wer't not for the Nauſeous Tools,
Thy pimping Knaves and cringing Fools,
Heaven ne're thy equal gave to ſway,
A Land ſo gifted to obey:
Scarce did the florid Major reach
To this part of his lofty Speech,
When through the Repercuſſive Air,
We're heard the ſeveral noiſes near
Of ſquealing Fife, and ſullen Drum,
As if ſome Enemy were come.
This odd ſurprize began to ſcare
Collin, not us'd to ſounds of War,
Till the bold Majors heart of Oak,
This pannick trouble did rebuke,
And took him thence to make their Eyes,
And Ears, true Judges of the Noiſe:
Which ſoon as they got off th' *Exchange*,
Were fill'd with accidents more ſtrange,

The Street was fill'd with numerous throngs
Of all Sects, Qualities and Tongues,
Shapes, Ages, Factions, and Degrees,
Bedaub'd and daggled to their Knees;
And more to grace the days renown,
Carpets hung out, and Windows down,
And as if *Pompey* were to come
To Triumph here, as once at *Rome*:
Balconies full as they could hold,
Of Rich and Poor, of Young and Old,
All crowded in a Lump to see
The approaching great Solemnity;
Fire-works with whizzing noise and smothers,
Diverting some, and scorching others;
With scent Ambrosial of Salt Petre,
Serv'd here to make the Pomp the greater:
And as an Emperour, (*g*) or Fame lies,
Was famous for his sport with Flies;
So here Nobility in Garters,
Were throwing Squibs amongst the Carters,

Which though the sport be mean, 'tis true,
Is much the Manlier of the two,
Danger accruing oft this manner;
And where there's Danger must be Honour.
The Major, whose stout Heart would not
Have budg'd an inch from Cannon shot,
From this Plebeian sort of Fire,
Engag'd his Wisdom to retire;
For as the Noble Beasts of Prey,
That in wide *Ardens* Forrest stray,
Whose Rage no Weapons e're can tame,
Are frighted at the sight of flame,
So he from his first Infant Bib,
Was scar'd at th' Entrails of a Squib,
And through half prudence, and half fear,
Retreated now to corner near,
With *Collin*, where they all might see,
Without the burning Jeopardy;
Where skulking close from harm perdue,
He thus began t' unfold the shew;

Quoth

Quoth he, these Fire-works do display,
That this must be the Lord-Mayors Day;
And see 'tis further now confirm'd
By Whifflers, with white switches arm'd,
Who march before the Members tough,
Of th' old Artillery in Buff.
Observe how well their Feathers shake,
And how the Damsels hearts do ake,
To see their Apron'd Loves with Pride,
In Scarfs (as fine as can be) ty'd;
See then the Custard-eating Currs,
Set up in Pillories of Furrs,
With Saffron Phiz, and Malmsy Nose,
Come after, two and two in rows.
Note here the City Pride, but hold
By that Caparison of Gold,
That loads the Buttocks of yon Beast,
That sure must be my Lord at least;
'Tis so, those two that there beride him,
And with such Graces Prance beside him,

In Pomp, Infallibly Declare,
Themselves the Sheriffs; he the Mayor,
That for a Twelvemonth acts a King,
And when that's ended, *Any thing.*
View next the Aldermen in braces,
With honest, and with loyal faces,
Wrapp'd round in Furr from arm to arm,
To keep their Wit and Courage warm.
Our *London* Magi by perception,
More potent than the Old *Egyptian*;
For as they could to any Nation,
Breath good or ill by Divination,
So ours by Necromantick Purse,
Know when the times go well, or worse,
Raise or build Forts both strong and stony,
By mighty Magick (that is, Money.
What's that, quoth *Collin*, peeping out,
Hearing them make another shout,
That glitters so amongst the folks;
Quoth Major, 'tis the King, Gadzookes:

His

His Coach, I mean, and he within,
And what's more glittering, the Queen.
I warrant thou seest nothing now;
A Pox upon thee, thou'rt so low,
Thy groveling Eyes no sight can use,
Above the Lappets of ones Shooes.
At this the little Imp, on's back
And shoulders high, a pick a pack
He strongly sets, that he might see,
With ease, the face of Royalty;
Which just as he to do prepar'd,
A Member of the Shirtless Guard,
Was letting off a Squib so near,
It almost touch'd the Major's Ear.
Not great *Achilles*, when he found
Upon his Heel the Mortal Wound,
Which *Paris*, of Old *Priams* Race,
Foreknew the Vulnerable place,
Had half the Lust to be revenging,
As at the sight of Whizzing Engine.

The Major, who with thump on ſhoulder,
Oth' Hand juſt ready to fire Powder,
Straight threw the Machination down,
With *Collin*, who was Ogling round,
From Back, where he exalted ſate,
Like Wren upon the Eagles pate,
To find out glorious Majeſty;
But now reduc'd to low degree,
By th' Major, who with ſudden ſtart,
Aſide, had thrown him into th' Dirt,
In kennel ſowc'd o're Head and Ears,
Amongſt the crowding Wappineers.
Who can expreſs the rage and pother,
The Rabble made, that ſaw their Brother,
By the fierce Major thus affronted,
Thus ſtruck, and Fire-work thus diſmounted;
Who following Dictates of firſt fury,
Unmindful of approaching hurry,
By that Vile Type o'th' Powder Treaſon,
Enrag'd and ſcar'd beyond his Reaſon,

Boldly,

Boldly, tho rashly, still made head
Against the Wight that did the Deed.
Who having sense recover'd now,
So late amus'd by pondrous blow,
Couragiously retorted back,
Stout Cuff for Cuff, and thwack for thwack,
So quick, that as in *Homers* Verse,
If you'll believe what he declares,
When *Hector* with blunt *Ajax* buckled,
In six hours fight, yet neither Truckled;
The Gods that were of either side,
Look'd down with Joy to see the fight.
So those that had nought else to do,
'Tis very probable might know.
The blood that follow'd eithers blows,
Had yet not injur'd much their Clothes;
For Fate, that Acts of War disposes,
Made all the hurt light on their Noses,
Till *Venus*, who of all the Bodies
Cœlestial, is the kindest Goddess,

And

And for God *Mars*'s Gallantry,
Ow'd a good turn to Chivalry,
Petition'd *Jove*, that th' Major might
Have now the better of the fight:
Which had effect, for *Jove* that knew her,
And ever had a kindness to her,
Not only as she was his Daughter,
But in another kind of matter,
Had now resolv'd upon the manner,
To right the Major and his Honour.
Now fist and face in conflict met,
So hard the noise rung o're the Street,
The glorious Wreath of Victory,
Neither seeming yet to be,
When th' hardy Major, skill'd in Wars,
To make quick end of fight prepares,
By Strength or'e buttock cross to hawl him,
And with a trip i'th' Inturn maul him.
But Breeches Ag'd could not defend,
Fierce tugg of hand so us'd to rend,

But

But yielded up Poſteriours bare,
To th' Victors power, and open Air,
Who with the gripe ſo ſtrong did ſeize,
That down he came on hands and knees,
On whom the Major gets aſtride,
Swearing he'd ride him through *Cheapſide.*
But ſcarce had he that Pennance nam'd,
When the reſt o'th' Mobile aſham'd,
To ſee their Brother thus o'recome,
And make a Pageant of his Bum,
Were driving *Collin* up before 'em,
To revenge Breeches on him tore 'em.
He from hard Shooes, and harder Clubbs,
Had got ſome ſtores of kicks and drubs;
Some laughing at his Beard and Mien,
And ſome his Ruffet Gaberdine,
Which they reſolv'd from back to ſlice,
And each to carry off a piece,
To make full reſtitution
For Damage to their Comrade done.

This

This fatal Miſchief ſo well hatch'd,
Had bred worſe ills, had not *Jove* Watch'd
The time when Groves of Clubs came on,
And Major had drawn (*h*) *Ditundan*,
To ſend a Troop their ſtrifes to quell,
Commanded by a Conſtable;
A Wight of Conduct great, and Powers,
Eſpecially at Midnight hours,
When in his Wooden Throne he ſits,
To judge without, of others Wits,
To put the puzzling queſtions too,
Of whence d'ee come, and where d'ee go;
And when the minutes Twelve repeat,
Profoundly tell us that 'tis late;
Then with his Guard in State retire,
To Smoak and Tope by Sea-cole fire.
This Warrieur, with his Cavalcade,
Came up to give his timely Aid,
Juſt as the Crowd afreſh were falling
Upon the Major and poor *Collin*;

Who e're reliev'd from their diſtreſs,
Had got ſome fifty thumps apiece,
But now were freed from bruiſe and ſhame,
And Priſners made in the Kings made.
And as Delinquent here of late,
A bawling Cormorant of State,
Was friendly refug'd in the *Tower*,
To ſave him from the Rabbles power,
So they in Cage, tho baſe, yet ſafe,
Were fix'd, and from the Foe drawn off:
The homely place was much unfit,
For ſo much Valour, ſo much Wit,
As being a Manſion that receives,
Few elſe but ſtragling Whores and Thieves;
And now unfurniſh'd did appear,
Without a Couch, or Stool, or Chair,
Till th' Major found a heap of Stones,
On which he plac'd his batter'd Bones;
And *Collin*, to his comfort, ſaw
In corner, a ſmall heap of ſtraw:

Where

Where having sat him down for ease,
His drooping Head 'twixt Hands and Knees,
He ponder'd on th' Unfortunate
And various turns of Humane State.
Some minutes then erected sight,
And seeing the Major in ill plight,
Who tho he got the Victory,
As many bruises had as he;
Well knowing he had now most cause,
For Argument, thus broke the Pause:

How well, quoth he, by this late passage,
That has befaln us without presage,
Do I the various frailties see,
Incumbent on Mortality.
Is't not a Miracle to find,
In th' solid part of Human kind,
So few that can appear so wise,
To act the things they can advise?

But that they must to dangers run,
Which they have others taught to shun,
And so convince us by the way,
That no Men know the Truths they say?
Was I not rail'd at, call'd a dull
Insensible Jolt-headed fool,
For acting of a far less fault
Than that which has us hither brought?
And shall I not, with reverence low,
Presume to ask who's the Jolt-head now?
Whose Wit has brought us to this Palace,
To which the next place is the Gallows?
Altho 'tis true, 'tis better far
Than to be drubb'd as late we were.
If solid reason in a Speech,
Could not their sordid Judgments reach,
But that I suffer must the Lash,
From Scoundrels Ignorant and rash,

What good was to be done by blows,
Upon the Pates of such as those,
I think there's no one will suppose.
Unless you think there's Honour done,
In having thirty thumps for one.
If (Reasoning with Cannibals,
As you have quoted) be not false,
Or Savages which late you talk'd of,
I think we both had better walk'd off,
Than fight about the Squibs that hiss,
On such a Fire-drake day as this,
And show the backward way, our Wit,
By drubs and bruises that we get.
Wisdom, the Learned Ancients find,
A Grace peculiar of the mind,
By which the Soul's inform'd to do
What heavenly Reason prompt her too;
And its best Vertue in all Nations,
Is still allow'd Self-preservation.

If so, that conduct then that leads
Us on to bangs and broken heads,
To bickerings, and ungrateful fewd,
Or singly Combating the crowd:
Work for ensuing Melancholly,
Must needs be th'effect of Folly,
Especially when th'mischief ends
Not only on our selves, but Friends.
By this your glorious expedition,
For which I now feel sore contrition;
I fancy like (*i*) *Manchegan* Knight
Your next will be a Wind-mill fight;
Or that like him fearless of Banging,
You'l free the next Fellons (*k*) doom'd too hanging.
But I shall modestly desire,
If I am doom'd to be your Squire,
That you'l be pleas'd to leave out me,
In these high Feats of Chivalry.
If of my tedious Journey this
Be all th'expected Happiness;

For all has hitherto befel,
I might have stay'd at home as well:
I thought when we to th' City got,
I should have heard off some new plot,
Seen some Cabal or Popish frolick,
Or hear the Grumblers cure their Collick,
On which, with argument prevalent,
I might have exercis'd my Talent,
Or when his Majesty came by,
And I was mounted up so high,
Your sudden tumbling me down
Dash'd my Aspring at the Crown,
I thought my Eyes might soon caress him,
And that my Tongue might cry God bless him,
But miss'd both——for i'th' contrary,
All that has been my luck to see,
Is my self here well whipp'd and kickt,
And now pent up in durance strict,
Where we like Ratts are shut together,
To chew on th'bait that snar'd us hither.

What

What think you Sir, if we should try
To gain our *quondam* Liberty?
By knawing of these bars and stones,
Or force the Locks with ruful Groanes;
Provoke mens pity on our cases,
By peeping out with bearded faces;
Tho us they'd ne're the sooner bail out,
Than vermin when it puts its Tail out;
Yet this would full as wise appear,
As th'action that has brought us here.

Quoth Major, thy late smarting pain
Has caus'd the Sharpness of thy Brain,
Which I because I did procure,
Have now more patience to endure.
Coagulated blood doth settle,
And oft put bounds to manly mettle,
Till stirring action sets it free,
To shew acute Ability.

Thus thy late warming exercise,
Makes thy Orations now more wise;
For as 'tis said in Poetry,
Each fancy takes its best degree;
When we with jolly *Bacchus* joyn,
And raise the Genius high with Wine,
So solid beating without doubt
Is the best cause of wise dispute,
The Soul and Spirits being more
Alarm'd than they were before,
Nay, fear of beeting may in some
Produce the same, as once at *Rome*,
For as, when *Cataline* a League
Had made the Senators to segue,
And (*I*) strumpet had told *Marcus Tully*,
The close intentions of that Bully,
He not so much the cause revenging
O'th' State, as t' hinder his own swinging,
Made the best speech to quell that strife,
(Tis said) that e're he made in's Life,

Since when, 'tis found upon Record,
In th' (*m*)Tragedy, writ word for word:
So thou since frighted by the Rabble,
Hast spoke like him most admirable,
And tho my Wit thou dost explode,
I will not by a (*n*) Palinode
My reason in a deed repel,
Because it has not happen'd well,
Fortune the curse of human lives,
Still, against greatest merits strives,
Fools she is ready to advance
By luck, or dull Inheritance;
But th' wise from rugged Rock and Shelves
O'th' World, still leaves to help themselves,
And tho this latter Enterprize
Through passions heat show'd not so wise;
Twill spight of Fate some honour have,
For no one can deny 'twas brave,
And valour is not priz'd the less,
Because sometimes it wants success;

No more than worth in running Horſes,
That through Misfortune loſe their courſes.

Here, Major ſtopp'd, but not through want
Of Wit, to further his complaint,
But that he ſaw the Wight appear,
Whoſe Charity had plaod 'em there,
Who to the Major kindneſs bore,
Becauſe he had been one before,
In th former civil wars, tho now,
Compell'd to an Eſtate more low,
Keeping a Cottage for good Fellows,
To quaff off cares in, call'd an Alehouſe,
Who now with grace and good aſſurance,
Releaſing both from ſtony durance,
Entreated 'em now they were looſe
To accept a lodging at his houſe,
They who with bountiful dry baſting,
Knew well their bones had need of reſting,

As readily receiv'd the offer,
With as good will as he could proffer:
For, now had *Sol* his vigour loſt,
And tir'd himſelf by riding Poſt;
And to the Regent of the Moon,
Reſign'd the Empire he laid down;
When our two Worthies came with haſt,
To Cottage deck'd with ſign and poſt;
Where I will leave 'em both to ſnore,
And reſt my Muſe as once before.

The End of the Second Canto.

As readily agreed to the offer,
With as good will as he could wish for:
Then how had Sol his vigour lost,
And tir'd himself by riding so?
And to the Regent of the Moon,
Resign'd the Empire he laid down;
When our two Wenches came with haste,
To Cottage decked with flag and post;
Where I will leave them both to share,
And tell my Muse as once before.

The End of the Second Canto.

TUESDAY's Walk.

The Argument of the Third Canto.

Bruiz'd Collin *now his walk does chooſe*
To Weſtminſter *to hear the the News;*
But being by the Weavers frighted,
From thence to Dinner is invited;
Where finding as diſputes ariſe,
A Jeſuit in ſtrange diſguiſe:
Th' harrangues between him and the Prieſt,
May ſerve to furniſh out the Feaſt.

CANTO III.

AS no Man ever undertook
To give a reaſon for ill luck,
So 'tis as difficult to all,
To know the time misfortunes fall;

Or

Or gues the Crisis of our Fate,
In various turns of human State;
This by our worthies late was prov'd,
Who now from Lodging being remov'd;
Where Major nobly paid the Shot,
And return'd thanks with parting Pot:
They now resolv'd their course to steer,
For the fam'd Port of *Westminster*,
When Landing near the Ancient Hall,
Where Clients sweat and Lawyers baul;
And entring bluntly, *Collin* sees,
A crowd of Folks of all degrees;
All buzzing too and fro like Bees.
A confus'd mixture of all Nations:
Fleers, Cringes, Nods, and Salutations;
From Lords in debt to Purple Judges,
And Coopees low from Pauper drudges:
Whispering, Laughing, Threatning, Railing,
Imprisoning some, and others Bailing;

From Serjeant grave, with buſie Face,
To dagled Gown that hides an Aſs;
Degrees of Law both high and low,
Made here the ſubſtance of the ſhow;
As ſoon as *Collin* entred in,
All Eyes were caſt upon his Mein;
Unleſs 'twere thoſe that aſpire
Before, to gaze on his Attire:
Some did his Beard with Oagling greet,
Others admir'd his *Erring Feet*;
And all believ'd a juſt occaſion,
To have his parts in Admiration:
For Beauty and Deformity,
Are equal ſtill in this degree,
Tho not alike the ſame deſirers;
They always have the ſame admirers:
Nor was he much concern'd at this,
Believing they admir'd his phiz;
As if from thence they ſubtly gueſs'd,
The hidden vertues in his breaſt:

Consult the World and you shall see
Most People, share this vanity;
Who when upon 'em others gaze
Believe 'tis for peculiar grace;
When it may often chance to be
Directly for the contrary:
But to go on, whilst *Collin* there
Drew all the opticks far and near,
Upon the outworks of his person
Some through distast, but most diversion;
The Major gave him a soft Jogg,
And thus began the Dialogue.
Within these Walls thou may'st, quoth he,
Note the great Worlds Epitome;
Where all degrees of humanes bustle,
And one another strive to puzzle:
The most prophane, and most religious,
Here being equally Litigious;
There where that noise the People draws,
Has been the wrack of many a Cause,

Where many a Client Verdict miss'd,
For want of greazing in the Fist:
Those that sit there in State are Judges,
And those below 'em scribbling drudges;
Those there in Quoifs are titled Serjeants,
With Clerks that hang upon their Margents;
Defending right of *meum & tuum*,
And when men offer wrong to sue 'em:
Here Justice does or should prevail,
And hold to all her equal Scale:
The oppress'd from Lawyers gripe to free,
And weigh by Drams their honesty.
For Law is still to th' Wise reveal'd,
Just like the Wax with which 'tis Seal'd;
Not as the Causes right upholds it,
But as the Lawyers Conscience moulds it,
Harder or softer as he pleases,
According as his Clients greases;
And tho 'tis sometimes fit no doubt on't,
Yet they're most happy that are out on't.

For Law and Physick ne're should be
Us'd but upon Extremity.
Yet amongst all whom this Confusion,
This sudden wondrous Revolution,
Has rais'd and better'd in their State,
'Thas been the Lawyers chiefest Fate;
By Fortunes turn as quick as strange,
To reap most profit by the change:
They thrive upon the Peoples Sins,
Their luck exceeding other Mens;
And what in th' last Reign was uncertain,
Is now a fix'd and solid fortune;
Those that at pleasure were *ut ita*,
Are settled now *durante vita*:
High Magistrates which by a Word,
Or Mandate from the Soveraign Lord,
Were silenc'd straight as mute as Posts
Fear nothing now, but th' Lord of Hosts:
Releas'd from Arbritray Awe,
And guarded by the Bulwark Law;

This

This ſtation therefore where ſuch truſt is
Ought to be ſway'd the more by Juſtice,
For as no one ſhould be leſs doer
Of hurt, than he that has moſt power:
So Law to which ſuch power belongs,
Should be leaſt ready to do wrongs.

Quoth *Collin*, that Law ſhould do right
I think there's no one will deny't
That's in his Sences, and to ſhew
That I believe it doth do ſo,
I've juſt thought on a Neighbours caſe
That's very proper for this place,
Who has by lawleſs will his Spouſe
Miſled, and taken from his houſe;
And by a ſnivelling Whore-maſter
Detain'd without all Sence or fear;
If therefore Juſtice here doth ſway,
As I am apt to think it may,

Why should not such a cause as this?
Be su'd in *Forma pauperis*,
And so by damages, procuring,
Make Fop pay soundly for his whoring.

Quoth Major, of all suits defended,
Paupers are still the worst attended,
Tho Justice always equal be,
She's best in humour with a Fee,
And cannot be if that's neglected
So diligent as is expected:
As money makes the Mare to go,
Even so it makes the Lawyer too,
Directs his Judgment right or wrong,
Raises his wit and tips his Tongue,
And makes him fit to plead the cause,
And better understand the Laws;
This makes a Rabbi of Fourscore,
Ride dagling all the country ore,

Who plagu'd with Palſie, Stone, and Gout,
Without the uſe of hand or foot,
Yet cannot leave the bawling rout,
But muſt, as being us'd to trudge,
Still go the Circuit with the Judge,
Which he'd ne're do, thou mayſt rely on't
To get a Pauper for his Client,
Or leave alluring golden Fees;
On Conſcience ſcore, or Charities;
He that would Adverſary teize,
And goes to Law without good Fees,
Is like old Fumble that would wed
At ninety years, a buxom Maid,
He may well tire each Limb and Joynt,
But he ſhall never gain the point:
A Maidenhead being to get as nice,
As without Money good advice.
And tho I can't deny the caſe
To very proper for this place,

Because that lately by report,
There was one try'd of the same sort,
And many a Lawyer was pains taker
Twixt Cuckold and the Cuckold-maker;
Till the Jury weighing the disgraces,
And that it might be their own cases,
Their favour gave with Sence adorn'd,
Not to the (*a*) Horner, but the horn'd;
Attoning by a swinging Sum
The unpardon'd sin of Cuckoldom:
Tho this be true, as plain it appears,
Yet neither of them, both e're was Paupers;
The Devil might have had the Wife,
If money had not made the strife,
And brought the Lawyer in good Fees,
And th'Husband hopes of damages;
By which we plainly may unfold,
No Law is currant without Gold.

Here Major stopp'd, and *Collin* would
Most fain have answer'd if he could,

But now being got to th' Stairs that went
Up to the Court of Parliament,
Was fain to ſtifle each Conceit,
And end the politique debate,
To mount the ſteps, and hear relation
Of all the grand affairs o'th' Nation:
Here as below the People walk,
And only differ in their talk;
Being here of Kings and Armies boaſters,
As of Writs, Suits and Fines below ſtairs,
And of as many humours as
At *Babel* there were Languages;
The Men of Politique Intreague,
The Grumbler and the ſullen Whigg;
Grave Biſhops, Barons, Baronets,
The *Guillians* and the *Jacobites*:
Tho they could one another Eat,
With Conge one another greet;
Amongſt the Captains the diſcourſe is,
Of (*b*) *Schomberg* and the *Iriſh* Forces;

Each striving plain to make't appear,
What he would do if he were there;
And that the General is too slow,
In giving Battle to the Foe:
On t'other side were Cits complaining
Of Taxes, and the House Arraigning;
Wishing the Members hang'd, or drown'd,
That gave three Shillings in the Pound;
In brief, th' crowd from side to side,
To th' Major seem'd disatisfi'd;
Which being not able long to hold,
He instantly to *Collin* told;
Believing it a proof most plain,
To shew the Nations grumbling vein:
And therefore thus renew'd, I here
Have hopes (my friend) to make appear;
What I have argued of the Tumour,
Now swelling in the Nations humour;
Who tho the Members now are sitting,
And those too of their own begetting;

They cannot yet perſwade their patience,
To bear the weight of theſe taxations;
Hadſt thou juſt now yon fellow heard,
That Crop-ear'd (c) Citt with the Red beard;
How he his ſpleen did loudly vent,
Againſt the King and Government;
Thou wouldſt by that one ſpeech have found,
The Senſe of all the City round:
For as in Hunting, if one Whelp,
Finding the ſcent, begins to yelp;
The reſt o' th' pack will inſtantly,
Joyn altogether in the cry:
So when one Citizen ſets abroach,
A whim, the reſt are bound to vouch,
Through friendſhip, elſe it would imply;
A breach in their Fraternity.
One Swallow makes (tis true) no Summer,
Yet one Tongue may create a Rumour;
That in few days may have the power,
To influence a thouſand more.

Quoth *Collin*, I should heed as much,
A Ballad that was Sung in *Dutch*;
A Tale of *Orson* and the Bear,
An *Irish* Psalm, or a *Welch* Prayer;
As any point he could unriddle,
With that odd Phiz, like head of Fiddle;
Whose vanity and simpring Wives,
Still against Law and Reason strives;
Her Pride ferments him to complain,
Upon the Taxes of this Reign;
For fear the general distress,
Should make her Topknot grow the less;
Or that her Petticoat debase
It self, from two, to one Gold Lace:
For th' Churches safety and her own,
One of the Tankard's melted down;
Or that t' assist the War and the King,
One Stone fall from her Diamond Ring;
She fears the Expensive times will take,
A Jill from quart of Butter'd Sack;

Or

Or that Eſtabliſhing Religion,
May cauſe one Teale the loſs, or Pidgeon,
Within the confines of her Table,
When ſhe and Goſſips meet and Babble;
Theſe are the griefs to Husband told,
Who ſtraight as full as he can hold;
Like overcharg'd Pot-gun with ill wind,
As bad as that comes from behind,
Rather then loſe one Chop on's Mutton,
Or from New Coat, one Silver Button:
Shall ſide with grumbling debate,
And rail againſt the Church and State.
Met at a Club where all agree,
To this abſurd Hypocriſie;
Here's one he're cares who th' Nation's ruling,
So Daughter be not kept from Schooling;
Would loſe his Freedom like a Puppy,
Rather than ſhe not learn to Coopee,
The Dancing and the Singing Graces,
And like a Philly all her Paces;

About her Heads Phantastick dress,
Rather than have one Wire amiss;
His hoarded Gold would freely spare,
Tho not one Shilling towards a War;
That would improve what thus is lavish'd,
And perhaps save her being Ravish'd;
And tho for his Religions sake,
The Dunce well knows the War we make;
Rather than not his whim pursue,
Would turn a *Pagan* or a *Jew*:
Or like the *Ægyptians* old opinion,
Adore a Calves Head or an (*d*) Onion.
Another sort will throw at Bowls,
More than they'll spare to save their Souls;
And squander what they grudge to be
Employ'd to keep our Popery:
They are with Taxes quite undone,
But not with Play, or drinking on;
For as a Complement that's made,
Still sounds like sense, to whom 'tis said:

What,

What's idly loſt we ne're regard;
But when we pay a Tax, 'tis hard:
Women, too lately durſt upbraid,
The Senate and the Laws they made;
But more particulary that,
Where Lady was to wear a Hat;
And lay the Enſigns of their pride;
Their Silken Ornaments aſide;
Which would have been a wholſome Act,
T' encourage Woolen Manufact;
A ſober garb and a worthy praiſe,
Much us'd in good Queen *Beſſes* days:
Here *Collin* had gone on inveighing
Againſt the Ladies rich Arraying;
Had not a ſudden Clamorous ſource
Of Tongues abridg'd his wiſe diſcourſe;
Loud yell of Throats, and din of Clubs,
Juſt as when Coopers hoop their Tubbs,
Poſſeſs'd the Air, and Timerous *Collin*,
Into an Ague fit was falling;

To see the Major with his valour,
As pale as he himself or paler;
The terrour of the Noise infus'd,
Fresh pangs to part so lately bruis'd,
Their Bones began to ake agen;
Both wondring what that stir should mean;
To make a clanger of that Nature,
So near the House of Legislature:
Till action, after some small pause,
Inform'd their judgments the true cause.

The Mob it seems had heard a rumour,
Not well concurring with their humour;
Importing that an Act should be,
To put down Silken Gallantry:
That Topknots, Garters, Cravat-strings,
Shooe-tyes, and such important things,
Should be abolish'd, and instead
A List of Woolen serve, or Thread;
That Petticoat of Cloth of Gold,
To Hostess should no more be Sold:

But

But be by just Exchange transform'd,
To Stuff of Eighteen pence a Yard;
And that the Cobblers Daughter should
Ruffle no more in Velvet Hood:
But wear Chapeau, from Dogskin wove,
And model'd like a Sugar Loaf;
This, fame no sooner did impart,
Fame, that is always doing hurt:
But every sturdy Aproneer,
Arm'd with Battoon, did straight appear,
Swearing no Law should e're be made,
So much to th' damage of their Trade;
And now to th' house began to move,
Some forty thousand in a drove.
Ignorant of this, the Senate sat,
Within as snug as any Cat;
Making sound Laws for preservation,
Of the Leige People of the Nation:
Till noise like that of Baiting Bears;
Inform'd their Legislative Ears;

The crowd were there resolv'd to carry,
The cause by Broomstick Arbitrary;
Who having all by joynt consent,
Taken a Lambs-Wool Sacrament;
Now Arm'd with resolution stood,
Swearing to lose their precious Blood,
But Silks and Satins should be wore,
And Ribbons as they were before;
Where we will leave 'em all to fight,
The Battle in sam'd Topknots right;
And to our Worthies turn our stile,
Who wisely to avoid the broil,
Having before their Eyes th' Abuses
Now rudely offer'd to both Houses:
Whose Tumult if they could not stem,
They knew would nothing make of them;
To a friends House near that of Commons
To whom the Major oft had Summons:
In haste retir'd, resolv'd to stay,
And valours rouze another way;

Not as before with manly beating,
But with a gust of valiant Eating.
The *Brittains* never were inclin'd,
Of old, to fight before they had din'd;
The *Belgians* too in Battle shrink,
When e're they Charge before they drink;
For Wine or a good Dinner draws,
Still as much Courage as a Cause;
And as when Hero hearing Drum beat
A point of War, even longs for Combat:
The sullen sound and Martial din,
Rouzing the Spirits up within
To fall to action, so in some,
A piece of Beef, just like a Drum,
Will animate and raise more mettle,
Than either Trumpet, Fife, or Kettle.
Their Host that long had practic'd Physick,
A trusty friend to wight that is Sick:
Tho not by judgment, could by guess,
The Nature find of a disease:

Which

Which was as much, he wisely knew,
As any of 'em all can do;
With *Paracelsus* and with *Galen*,
He toll'd his Ignorant Patients all in:
Like Quack their terms of Art could smatter,
And just like flusterd *R*——— chatter,
With scraps of Jests by standers pelt
In squeaking tone, like one that's guelt,
Still making solid confidence,
Supply the meanels of his Sence,
By Medicine, or Phlebotomy,
He'd undertake each Malady;
And if he cur'd the diseas'd
'Twas skill, if not, as Heaven pleas'd:
For as those men that trade with Stars,
And foretel Famines, Plagues, and Wars;
In doubtful terms their thoughts express,
To save their Credits if they miss;
So he tho skilful in Closestools,
Could not avoid those dubious rules,

But many a Patients dissolution,
Had laid upon ill Constitution;
But if drug chanc'd to operate well,
'Twas then the Doctors mighty skill.
Their Host receiv'd 'em with a bow,
Whither they welcome were or no,
Which is one part of entertaining,
How e're the rest be true or feigning,
And tho he seem'd a little shy
At first of *Collins* Company,
Perhaps, as fearing a Trepan,
As being a Red Letter man:
Yet by the Major being told,
What vertues lay in that course mold,
A second Congee he affords,
So low that *Collin* spoil'd the Boards,
With sudden scrape of hobnail'd shooe,
Returning Courtesies were due.
Quoth Host, then to his Man, go *Roger*,
And tell my Sister here's the Major:

Who

Who smil'd at that, as subtly knowing,
What sort of Jest was now pursuing,
Having before-hand softly spoke
To's Friend to carry on the Joke,
And banter *Collin*, therefore who
This Sister was 'tis fit you knew.

When Town was purg'd of Popish Bigotts,
And search was made for shaven He-Goats,
The bald-pate Fry ran helter skelter,
To Holes and Corners to find shelter,
And happy was the Priest could tell,
How to escape the Constable
By Flight, or else more safely wise
Defend himself by quaint disguise;
Some clad like Weavers, work'd at Looms,
Others cry'd Shooes, old Hatts or Brooms;
A Stone, or a fine Tinder-box,
And some in Vestments Orthodox
In Coffee-house were found to be,
Inveighing against Popery,

He

Here your might see a Fryer bilk'd
From selling more o'th' Virgins milk,
His Cowle laid by, and Pride divine.
Crying, buy Brandy, Brandy Wine;
Another Sot, whose diabolick
Shams were confirm'd as Apostolick,
His Tenets now was forc'd to hush,
To bawl a Rat-trap or a Brush;
And all the rest through Pannick fear
Of Statute, sheltring here and there,
Their likeness chang'd all o're the Nation,
Prov'd best the right Transubstantiation.
Amongst the crew that made this pother,
The Doctor had it seems a Brother,
Who at Saint *Omers* had provision,
To be a pimp to Superstition,
And soon had learnt to hold a door,
To *Babels* Priest, and *Babels* Whore;
In tract of which amour discerning,
Gave him first light to human Learning;

For as a Pimp to Potentate,
Makes oft a solid Magistrate:
So he that best conceals the flaws,
And Errors in the Romish cause,
By true Church pimping is most fit
To make the ablest Jesuit;
To which degree by fortune blest,
Our novice was preferr'd with hast,
And hither sent with many more,
Upon the old converting Score,
But had not (as it seems) been here
Above a quarter of a Year,
When sullen fate began to lower,
And force that lawless crew to scower;
Or else disguis'd from place to place
Remove with danger and disgrace;
Amongst the rest whom these mishaps,
Had strictly forc'd to change their shapes:
He to prevent ensuing ill
Was forc'd to do't against his Will,

And now in Petticoat and Manto,
Like buxom Lass, that trips Curanto
With Wires, (*e*) Comodes, and Topknots flaring,
Proper for modish Ladys wearing;
A graceful mein, and jolly face,
Came into the room where Major was,
Who quickly by her Brother knew her,
But was to say but little to her.
When after some discourses kind,
And they had plentifully din'd,
Sister had secretly her Cue,
The talk with *Collin* to renew:
Which if she did the Votes o'th' day quoth
Or Joke upon his Beard, or Grey Colt,
His Stature or his Shape deride,
Or once but touch on his blind side,
Might easily effected be,
Or railing at Presbytery.
Quoth she, I'm offer'd a good Wager,
But yet durst never lay it, Major,

That you've a Neighbour, that in Arts
Of arguing, has such topping parts,
That th' Devil cannot baffle him;
Of whom ('tis said) he is a Limb
Deform'd and Stigmatiz'd by Nature,
And Crooked both in Mind and Stature:
His Head and Beard as black as Cole-hill,
A Barrel Paunch, and Back like Mole-hill;
And tho there's but one Eye in's face,
Dares think himself a Saint of Grace,
Who when all others blotches see,
Finds Beauties in Presbytery.
'Tis said too that his Folly chimes,
In Jingling praises of the times;
Decries and think 'tis done with Wit,
The reason of a *Jacobite*,
And Poyson'd with Phanatick Zeal,
Spreads Venom through the publick Weal.
This Monster, if there such can be,
I'd Ride a hundred Miles to see,

To Murder him in sharp Debate,
As being of a Sect I hate.
Scarce *Collin* had this Language heard,
But Crimson blush o're face appear'd,
And through his bushy Beard, the blood
Shone like *Aurora* through a Cloud;
Gazing some time with eye like fire,
Upon his Foe, and her attire,
While Major in the Interim told her,
Him she abus'd she might behold here;
Imprison'd Rage at last took vent,
And thus in Words its Rancour spent.
Quoth he, in all my life till now,
I think I never had to do,
With any of these Female Cattle,
These things compos'd of noise and prattle,
Given to torment us, when the Devil
Had strongest power of doing Evil.
Seven Fiends the Scripture does attest,
One devilish Woman once possess'd;

And if from every Rampant Dame,
There daily were cast out the same,
You'd find in Person, or in Will,
One Devil or other lurking still.
And tho y' have stil'd me here his Limb,
I'le prove I know no more of him,
Than only that I dare defy
Himself, and your Carnality.
Your Tongue too, that divisions rain
Upon my Shape and outward man,
With men of Sense will have regard
As little, as you'd have my Beard,
Which can be prov'd the chiefest Grace,
Nature e're gave t'adorn a face;
The *Spaniard* in most Grave Affairs
His Oath makes, *by these honour'd hairs*,
And holds it for a Damning Sin
To break't, be Whiskers ne're so thin.
And that great Author *Mandevile*,
Whom every one may read that will,

Reports that the (s) *Bononians* are,
Both Sexes, cover'd with long hair;
That th' bald are look'd upon as Beasts;
And Virgins Beards hang to their Breasts,
Which they with Ribbonds deck, as you
That Steeple geer upon your Brow;
Which, to my Judgment, makes you seem
Just like a Fore-horse of a Team.
Hair did the Face and Chin adorn,
Long e're such Fopperies were worn,
And still shall be esteem'd by me
As th' Type of Sense and Gravity;
When that lewd Ensign there of yours,
Shall be the badge of Bawds and Whores.

Quoth she, because I would not whip,
With Argument, your Pigmyship
Too soon, I've given you leave to fret,
E're I attack'd you in Debate.

But now your *Thesis* will convince,
And prove your major is not sense.
If Providence did Beards devise,
To prove the wearers of them wise,
A fulsome (g) Goat would then by Nature
Excel each other human Creature:
The Reverend Clergy ne're would shave 'em;
Our Wives and Daughters too would have 'em,
If Heaven those Tufts of Hair had sent,
As if design'd for Ornament,
Complexion still doth plainly show
Cause, why Beards do, or do not grow.
The hot, the moist, and virile Nature,
Being most the causer of that matter,
And was a modest covering given,
More than for Ornament, by Heaven;
For had they been for graceful shew,
Our Sex no doubt had had them too.

Quoth

Quoth *Colin*, whether that be ſo,
That Womankind have Beards or no,
Is dubious, and admits a queſtion,
Which now you ſeem to make a Jeſt on;
Some Authors own they may be hairy,
In ſpite of Arguments contrary,
And prove by Books, and learn'd Diſcourſe,
Some ſort of Ladies have had Whiskers.
Tho the poſition wonder draws,
And thoſe too by a Natural Cauſe,
The (*b*) Queen of *Sheba*, as 'tis ſaid,
Had a ſmall Beard of ſandy red,
Which, when to ſtint her Nations quarrels,
She *Solomon* had pump'd of's Morals,
Grew and enlarg'd upon her Phiz,
Each day, till 'twas as long as his.
And of Examples too, I've ſome,
That I can trace much nearer home:
My Mother and my Siſter both,
Poſſeſſing Beards of handſome growth,

Which

Which made some ignorant (*i*) Capriches,
Believe and seize on 'em for Witches;
Nor them, nor my old Father spare,
Whom they believ'd a Conjurer.
When really from Beards arise
No ill, but signs of being wise;
And therefore those of female mold,
Seldom have any till they are old:
As for the Politiques I teach,
I fancy them, beyond your reach;
And your capacity would win
More fame by shewing you can spin,
Than pertly aiming at debate,
And meddling with affairs of State.
The famous (*k*) Sallique Law of *France*,
Their lasting glory to advance,
As I have heard my Father say,
No woman would permit to sway,
Their occult gifts being thought most fitting
For dresses, or to mind their knitting;

And therefore from all publique matters,
Still kept their Sisters, Wives, or Daughters:
And if in little *England* here,
The wise and wholsome custom were
To gag 'em in their prating vein,
On the transactions of this Reign;
Or send 'em out from *London* all,
As once did Politique old (e) *Noll*:
You'd find less store of villanies,
Less Cuckolds too, and fewer lies.

Quoth she, thou dost by this describe
The sordid nature of thy Tribe,
The sneaking Presbyter exceeding
All other Sects in want of breeding;
And therefore by his mean deserts,
Wouldst rate and model others parts:
And tho our Sex thou wouldst run down,
Yet shalt thou find amongst them one,

Shall with your ableſt Rabbi vye,
In Logick or Philoſophy:
The Art of Arguing ſhew, and teach
To diſcuſs truth (*m*) from lyes, in Speech
The Nature of a queſtion prove,
Simple or Compound that you move,
And by the (*n*) Predicables ſhow,
Whither 'tis ſtated right or no.
Genus & ſpecies in ſententia,
With *Proprium & differentia,*
Shall trot and amble in diſcourſe,
As eaſie as I make my Horſe.
Or if on Natural Tracts you dare
Pretend to talk, I'll poſe you there;
I'll ſhew through long laborious Studies,
The Natures of all ſorts of Bodies;
Of Fire, of Water, Earth or Air,
The Cauſes or Effects declare;
What 'tis makes ſtinking Fiſh to ſhine,
As if it had ſome light Divine:

Or why a piece of rotten Poſt,
Shall to his Lodging light mine Hoſt:
The Nature of the Moon decreaſing
Declare, and what's the cauſe of ſneezing,
Of Coughs, and (*o*) Hiccoughs, the intents;
And why my Buxom Lady ſquints.
Nay more; what has this many years
Puzzled our beſt Philoſophers.
I'll tell why Dogs turn three times round,
About the place, where they lye down;
Which Myſteries, when the Wits of *Greſham*
Shall hear how plainly I'll expreſs them,
They'll own, in ſpite of publick Rumours,
They're not all Blockheads at St. *Omers*.

No ſooner *Collin* heard that word,
But ſtriking fiſt upon the Board,
Quoth he, I'll hold a pound to nothing,
We have got a Wolf here in Sheeps clothing.

By

By this Philosophy and Logick,
Which is the same to me as Magick,
With that last word join'd all together,
I find your La---ship a false Brother;
And should your Arguments repel
By Reason, with a Constable,
He would the best confuter be,
Of all rank *Roman* Sophistry,
By letting your high parts be known,
To Justice and the Learned Town.
As men that travelling learn the Arts,
By Murder oft improve their parts;
He that for Argument is hang'd,
Best proves how well he has harrang'd.
The Jesuit look'd pale at that,
As knowing he had slipt a fault,
But was resolv'd with a feign'd laugh,
And impudence, to put it off,
When *Collin* thus went on: The Nation,
I think, has many a Proclamation,

Which

Which does from Statute-Law proceed,
By which your Tribe were all forbid
As Traytors; yet as if you long for't,
You must come over tho you hang for't:
You must be crying up Dunce *Peters*,
Tho you howl after for't in Fetters;
Extol your Gods, the Fathers too,
Whom (if I said were mad) 'tis true.
The very Founder (*o*) of ye all,
Scarce having Lucid Interval,
Who in the Rapture of his Fits,
Made all the Rules for Jesuites:
Who has deserv'd more than your Popes,
The stroke of Ax, or twitch of Ropes:
By Rapine, and by Avarice, some
Have made a Den of Thieves of *Rome*:
Some by curs'd Poyson have been struck dumb,
That t'others Bribes might get the Popedom.
Nay, one (*p*) whose tale I thought untrue,
Till now I chance to meet with you:

Tho

Tho to the Stews she was a Daughter,
Was chosen in *Rome* for *Sanctæ Pater*,
And by lewd Off-spring made us see
Her stanch Infallibility.

Quoth Priest, thou art the foul mouthst fel-
That ever at *Guildhall* did bellow, (low
When your damn'd party would controle,
A just election by a Poll.
And what or whoso'ere I am,
I'le prove it to your partys shame;
No private Sect deserves the Gallows,
So much as your Phanatick Fellows:
Tho Brethren of the Romish See,
Do venture here for Charity:
'Tis for some special act of Glory,
As to relieve from Purgatory,
Some Soul tormented, or to free,
By Pennance some young sinful she;

Who taking hold of apt occasion,
Through Love made forfeit of Salvation;
And not through any ill Intent,
T'affront or curb the Government
If Statutes-Laws against us be,
They 're so too 'gainst Presbitery;
And who ought most t'obey the Senate;
Those out o'th' Land, or those live in it?
King * *James* pronounc'd no Fine or Death,
Sharper than Queen *Elizabeth*:
'Twas for the Monarchy we Fell,
Not sneaking for a Commonweal.
We never set a King on's Throne,
And straight conspir'd to pull him down,
Because against our wise Consent,
He do's dissolve a Parliament:
And for the sake of a Round Tax,
Will not be made a Nose of Wax;
Or that his Church Decree repels,
All the Republique Principles;

* *James* the First. K And

And takes no Regal Dignities,
To be remov'd just when you please;
None of these Crimes our Tribe dare do,
Tho acted frequently by you,
Who ever were, and still will be,
The Moles to root out Monarchy:
That Scepters may be swayd by Laymen;
Blind Coblers and hard fisted Draymen:
'Tis not true Zeal by which you dare,
Cry down the Book of Common Prayer;
Or call Church Ceremonies Foppish;
Absurd, Ridiculous and Popish,
But sullen Pride to have the Glory,
To set up your own Directory,
And plainly show your strictest Zeal,
Is nothing but a stubborn Will;
For which you thrash your Pulpit Drum,
For which you daily Buz and Hum;
And snuffling to the Tribe disclose,
Dull Exhortations through the Nose;

Whose matter is soon make a Saint,
As the Tub tho's in which you Cant;
And tho *Rome* Faith thou darst Assail,
And rudely 'gainst the Fathers Rail,
Was not the Victory known certain,
Gain'd by (q) St. *Austin* ore St. *Martin*,
Who strove by sly Sophistick Wit,
To contradict what t'other Writ,
Who stricter Piety can alledge,
Than th' Jesuits in their sober Colledge,
Of Bloody Combats again Satan,
What Sect could e're most justly prate on?
Ist not recorded of (r) *Ignatius*,
That the Devil once more his Mustachio
At which enrag'd in pious Frollick,
To Cuffs they went, Bite, Box and B——,
Where the infernal Demagog,
Was kick'd and beaten like a Dog.
And was he not without dry Blows,
Another time lugg'd by the Nose,

When he his devilish Rules durst urge,
And rail against the Mother Church?
Which if thou ever canst make known,
By any of thy Brethren done;
Or that starch'd F—ton or L—b
Have ever cudgell'd Belzebub,
My own Opinion I'll defy,
And settle to Presbitery.

Quoth *Collin*, that we ever made
The Devil shrink by Breaking's Head,
Would to the Wise as fenceless be,
As your Assertions seem to me.
But that the Serpent's Head we may
Have crush'd in a Spiritual Way,
And so have given him the rout,
I think I plainly can make out;
Nor have I 'gainst your Church inveigh'd,
Till I its Fopperies had weigh'd.

Your Worshiping of Stocks and Stones,
And bringing Life back with Saints Bones.
Your Reliques of St. *Jeromes* Teeth,
To cure the Pox and Fevers with;
And chast St. *Katherine's* Huckle Bone,
A certain Remedy for the Stone;
That the Lapets of St. *Bernard's* Shooes,
Gave present ease to Childing Throwes;
And that his Hose could Wives redress,
From their Defect of Barrenness;
With several Fopperies and Tales,
From (s) *Causin*, *Cressy*, and some else,
'Mongst which particularly one,
I now think proper to be shown.

Late in the (t) the Kingdom of *Navarre*,
Liv'd a Young Hermit call'd St. *Clare*,
Who amongst numbers whose fond Hearts
Were charm'd by his endearing Parts.
The Wife of a Rich Grandee strove,
To tempt to her unlawful Love.

But finding he ſtill anſwer'd no,
And to her Grief her Cake was Dough;
A cruel Act perform'd ſcarce read of,
Hiring two Braves to chop his Head off:
Which done, the Body upright ſtands,
Taking the Head between his Hands,
And walks two Miles with't to his Cell;
But what is yet more ſtrange to tell;
The Head did to St. *Auſtin* pray,
And Sung *Te Deum* all the way.
This, tho it many may deceive,
For my part I can ſcarce believe;
Yet if you'l bring me to a Prieſt,
Who being hang'd will break a Jeſt;
Or when he has endur'd the Shame,
Prays to a Saint, or Sings a Pſalm;
Deſpiſing Sheriffs, and their Ropes,
Ile be your Vaſſal, and your Popes;
Atteſt no more our Brethrens Right,
But turn your faithful Proſelite;

But if I ſee you once turn'd over,
Grow black in th' Face and not recover;
Or find ye lolling out your Tongues,
Not able to redreſs your Wrongs;
I then ſhall think your Saints and Relicks,
Your Fathers and your other Frollicks;
Their Fights with Satan too, a Dream,
And that the Devil has cudgell'd them.

Quoth Jeſuite enrag'd, thy Thoughts
In thy foul Scrowl of Life are blots,
Which in ſuch quantities are made,
That no one can the Paper read;
The word *Phanatick* rightly taught,
Is one that runs ſtark Mad for naught;
Poſſeſſed with *Dæmon*, call'd his Will,
Which when he cants, ſteams out in Zeal;
Which tough Battoon. But the Major here,
Obſerving ſigns of Rage appear,

Both in the Priest and sturdy *Collin*,
Who was from *Sheath*, *Toledo* pulling;
Pray'd th' Host to take away his Sister,
Who straight at his request dismiss'd her;
Whilst *Collin* who had now no power
Ore glowing Wrath, rush'd out of door,
Swearing the World should know th' Abuse,
The Commons had so near their House,
Where Priest in Petticoats and Manto's,
Subjects for Poets to make Canto's,
Were sculking; with which wrathful thought,
Home to his Inn at last he got,
Where how his Guide and he agreed,
In the next Canto you may read.

The End of the Third Canto.

WEDNSDAYS Walk.

The Argument of the Third Canto.

Money, da's Collins Rage allay,
Who now is carried to a Play;
But hindring th' Actors, finds too soon
Himself, in danger of Battoon;
Till Punk oth' Town takes him away,
To th' Tavern, where denying to pay,
She wheedles him with Art profound,
And picks his Purse of twenty Pound.

CANTO IV.

MOney, the Nerve of Peace and War,
That's both our Comfort and our Care:
The want of which is Mans undoing,
As well as its Excess his ruin.

Whose

Whose real Worth we nere esteem,
Through moderation, but extream:
How shall I treat thee, in terms Civil,
That art so exquisite a Devil?
By thee old Widows are put off,
Half rotten with Catrarh and Cough:
By thee Fools marry and get Maids,
With Wealth, and richer Maiden-Heads:
And by thee, good or ill Report
Is gain'd, with places too at Court;
Friends got, and Foes being made agree,
By thy Infallibility,
This influence that all Hearts can melt,
Amongst the rest our *Collin* felt;
Who just that Morning being paid
By th' Inn-keeper in way of Trade,
The twenty Pounds for Hay and Grain,
That long upon Accompt had lain;
Th' alluring Gold had so allwag'd
His Malice and controul'd his Rage,

That

That Rancour now was wholly spent,
And quite forgot his late intent:
Besides, he knew the Priests ill treating,
Might hedge himself another beating;
Therefore thought wisely to forbear,
Led it to by a prudent Fear;
At which the Major being well pleas'd,
Himself thus utters —— the diseas'd;
In mind, my Friend's a worse Degree,
Than is the Bodies Malady:
I infer this as firmly thinking,
Unless the Jesuite had been drinking;
As 'tis their customary Trade,
That our late Disputant was mad;
Which may to th' Wise in reason pass so,
Because thou knowst their Founder was so;
And ever since their frantick Rules,
Have prov'd 'em Lunaticks or Fools,
Instructing Kings and troubling Reigns,
To feed the Worms in their own Brains;

Besides

Besides, his way of arguing,
I look on as a nauseous thing;
Where Reason only should prevail,
His chiefest Topic was to rail,
Thy Stature, or thy Shape deride,
Or simply rally thy blind side;
And what is least to be averr'd,
Deny the grandeur of thy Beard;
In which his folly I had shown,
In the defence of one more known;
But that I would not take from thee,
The Glory of the Victory.
The Beard's the honour of the Head,
As thou before hast rightly said;
And has in War been thought ere now,
Substantial Pawn for Mony too.
De Castro (*a*), when he had reliev'd,
A Famous Town by Indians griev'd;
His Treasure spent, and knowing th' Hopes
Of War was vain, not paying his Troops,

Dis-

Dispatch'd to *Ova's* Magistrates,
His Beard between two Golden Plates,
Intreating the Grandees to grant,
A hundred thousand pounds upon't;
Which they contented with the pawn,
Straight sent, nor further Note was drawn;
And what could greater Token be,
Than that of *Barbal* Dignity?
Besides his positive denying
Of truths, declares their knack of lying;
Which I am very glad I heard,
Because it has my sense prepar'd
Their other Fallacies to guess,
Which Thought will make me grumble less.
The Church of *England* do's appear,
By this more beautiful than ere;
Which now my Heart shall take as guide,
Nor longer with their party side;
And, tho' I did the Times condemn,
As we all do that herd with them,

Reason

Reason at last shall take her Station,
And humbly preach up Moderation.

The subtile *Collin* smild at this,
As thinking to himself, there is
Just as much reason for this humbling,
As there was lately for your grumbling;
But fearing that a blunt aspersion,
Might balk the Major in's Conversion,
To humor him in's Tale agreed,
And let him in Discourse proceed.

Thou hast, quoth he, oblig'd thy self,
So much against this Popish Elf,
That I, altho I had a Hand in
The Trick, to pose thy Understanding,
Seeing thou didst thy self deliver
So well, shall prize thee more than ever;
And, therefore now resolve to treat thee,
With some diversion that may get thee

To think, they are not here all Beasts,
Rude Car-men, Squib-makers and Priests;
But that acquaintance may be had,
With Gentry that are better bred,
Collin who was not such a Sot,
To refuse pleasure cost him nought,
With Thanks to th' Major gave consent,
Not knowing yet what Sport he ment,
Which th' better to inform ye here,
I think is proper to declare.

Upon the Bank of *Thams* and *Isis*,
That feeds the Wen of City Vices,
By bearing Wealth upon their Shoulders,
To Fools, Phanaticks and Free-holders:
A lofty pile their stands, whose use is,
To nourish and regale the Muses;
Not with Course Fare of Greasy Bits,
But with rare Treats of Costly Wits;

Jelly of Tropes, and Rich Potages
Of Rants, and High Poetick Rages;
Brisk Metaphors they also choose,
And simile to make Raggous,
Garnisht with Leaves of Antique Books,
And all the Poets are their Cooks.
Here Empress Tragedy still treads,
And the grand Dance in Buskins leads;
And Farce in Vizard Mask is seen,
In Mimick Garb like *Harlequin*;
Deck'd with a Nosegay of fresh Buds,
Of Prologues, Songs and Interludes.
Here each Mans Genius holds a Mirrour,
Where he may see and fly from Errour,
Where every Vice uncover'd is,
And every Fop may see his Phiz.
The Beau that rambles from the Boxes,
To the middle Gallery where the Pox is;
The Cully too that makes a show,
With Punk in the side Box below,

From

From whence his Heart e're she can ask it,
Leaps into th' Orange-Wenches Basket;
There Pants, and Praises the dam'd Features
Of that most Impudent of Creatures;
As (*b*) Summer buzzing flesh-fly sprung,
From filthy Clod of Nauseous Dung,
Influenc'd by Heat with guilded Wings,
Sawsilly Dines and Sups with Kings;
So that debauch'd abandon'd Creature,
Got from the Dregs of Human Nature;
When th' Man most wanted a Physician,
And Woman was in worst Condition,
By publick pimping and procuring,
By private Cheats and open Whoring,
Aiming at Wit and modish Jokes,
Familiar grows with Lords and Dukes;
Vices like these are here disgrac'd,
And with Satyrick stroke defac'd:
Th' Old Widow too that every Day,
Brings her brisk Daughter to the Play,

That those who do her Youth behold,
May think the Mother not too old,
Is very often put to th' blush,
Tho yet she cares not for't a Rush;
At least she is with Paint so Red,
That it looks just as if she did,
The secret Virtue of the Fucus
On Face as ancient as (*c*) *Bonducars*;
Fixing a Colour there that would,
Supply the want of modest Blood:
Blushing and Painting now are grown
An equal Imperfection;
Tho in past Times in bashful Face,
A Blush was thought a sign of Grace;
As tother in the Common Sense,
Was held a Type of Impudence:
In brief a mixture of all sorts,
Sit daily here to view the Sports,
And oft by *Satyr* bluntly us'd,
Generously pay to be abus'd,

Which do's as much their Errors purge,
As a Lent Sermon would at Church:
Within a Covert call'd the Scenes,
Are bred a Fry of Kings and Queens;
Young *Heroes* learn to Huff and Strut,
Defie the Gods and Armies Rout;
And others ſtudy and grow thin,
To make a Crew of Coxcombs grin;
Here ragged *Wights* that once did uſe,
As bad a Station as the *Mews*,
By ſome Nice piece of Poets Wit,
Succeeding do's Preferment get
Of Food and Cloths, which yet can't hide,
His Leproſie of ſenſeleſs Pride;
But ſwearing to play th' Fool no more,
Still plays a greater, and gives ore:
Here ſimpring *Philly* too here backt,
To earn her Bread begins to act;
Who when the Town to found her riſe,
Have Clapt her ſoundly once or twice,

Is snatch'd away by keeping Asses,
As soon as she has learnt her Paces;
But studying Parts (with Industry)
Of Natural Philosophy,
Improves, and after the first Night,
Grows fam'd, and takes up with A——
Then wisely hiding her disgrace,
The fam'd poetick Art do's praise;
And tho she knows 'tis like the *Chaos*
Extols the method of the Play-house.

To this rare place where Wit is taught,
The Major now had *Collin* brought;
The House was Peopled with all sorts,
The Cities product and the Courts,
An Ancient Comick Piece they knew, to view
Intitled the Fair of *Bartholomew*,
Collin first thought as he came in,
It had a Conventicle bin,

And that mistaking of the day,
The Major brought him there to pray;
He saw each Box with Beauty crown'd,
And Pictures deck the Structure round;
Ben, *Shakespear*, and the learned Rout,
With Noses some, and some without.
Loud Musick sounding through his Ears,
That were more sanctified than theirs,
Made him a great while doubting stand,
Till seeing Brother *Zeal o'th Land*,
Give to his Canting Sister Greeting,
Confirm'd him this must be a Meeting;
With Eyes turn'd up and shake of Head,
He now repeated all was said;
Admir'd the Habit of the Prig,
And wink'd at stealing of the Pig,
As wisely knowing all those Slips,
Natural to their Apocalips;
And that the Brethren may Steal,
As well as Lie, to shew their Zeal;

He had not long been in this Rapture,
Which pleas'd him more than any Chapter;
But by the Nature of the Play,
His Mood was turn'd another way;
For finding that a little after,
Meerly to urge the Peoples Laughter,
The Rabbi with loud Shouts and Mocks,
Was for Slight reason set ith' Stocks;
In *Breast* a suddain Anger glow'd,
And instantly revenge he vow'd,
As thinking this a base affront,
To the whole Tribe of those that Cant;
This Maggot working in his Pate,
He starts from off the Bench he sate;
And getting near half choak'd with Rage,
Thus spoke to those upon the Stage.

What Carnal Motion of the Beast?
What *Daemon* Sirs has you possessed?

Or what curst Law is there that Grants,
This Licence to affront the Saints,
That labour in their strict Vocation,
And sweat to teach Regeneration?
Is now th' eleventh Tryal come,
In Persecution taught at *Rome*;
That thus you dare disturb their Zeals,
And tye unerring Truth by th' Heels?
If so, we have no more to do,
Both He and I will suffer too;
If not, it never shall be said,
An Elder to the Stocks was led,
For all the Rabble to deride,
Whilst I wear Bilboe by my side.

The Actors when he first begun,
By th' Noyse were stopt from going on;
Nor was the Audience less amaz'd,
Who all on *Collins* out-side gaz'd;

Who now poſſeſs'd with zealous Rage,
Was getting up upon the Stage,
With Sword in Hand reſolv'd on War,
With thoſe who ſtock'd the Presbiter,
For ſake of Brotherhood to eaſe him,
And from his Wooden Shame releaſe him;
When Blew Coat Bully that ſtood by,
And heard his Chattring Lunacy,
Wondring to ſee a Country Lout,
In *Caſſock* Vile to make that Rout,
His Noddle reaching with Battoon,
Gave him a thump that brought him down:
And now the Hubbub was ſo great,
That each one roſe from off his Seat;
All Laughing at his Garb and Look,
Whom now they for a Madman took;
Till *Collin* who reſolv'd to ſhow,
He was a Wiſer Man then ſo;
Nor *Begger* as they might ſuppoſe,
By the Humility of's Clothes;

Oth'

Oth' ſuddain ſtopping the Diſcourſe,
Out of his Pocket pull'd his Purſe,
With twenty pieces in't of Gold,
His proper Right to have and hold;
Yet this ceas'd not the loud uproar,
But rather made the Laughter more;
And tho the Major fretting try'd,
To take him off to tother ſide;
And to inform him did his beſt,
That what he ſaw was but a Jeſt;
Yet he with late ill uſage heated,
Would forward, and had bin worſe treated,
Had not a Female Waſtcoateer,
Came up, and whiſpering in his Ear,
The ill match'd Combatant drawn off,
Leaving the Crowd to ſhowt and laugh:
Major well noting this when don,
Was very glad to have him gon,
As knowing ſoon the time would come,
When he ſhould meet with him at home;

Whom

Whom now weel follow with his Lass;
But first discover who she was.

'Mongst all the Bevys of the Fair,
That born for human comfort are;
She of a Tribe was, that express'd
Their Natures gentler than the rest;
And in a kinder Sphere did move,
By inclination led to Love;
For her no Heart yet ever broke,
That bating Sighs, could but have spoke;
Or when it was with Passion haunted,
Had skill to tell her what it wanted;
As *Phœbus* to the Plants below,
By whose indulgent warmth they grow,
No single influence lets fall,
But spreads his Beams in general;
So to each Supplicant that begs,
She kindly would her Arms or L——gs;

And like the Sun was underſtood,
To all Man-kind a common Good;
Her friendly willingneſs to pleaſe,
Oft puniſh'd her with ſore diſeaſe;
The Fire that in her Heart did glow,
Kindling a greater Flame below;
That ſometimes by emulſive drenching,
Has bin above a twelve-month quenching;
Whilſt Beauty fit to charm the Gods,
Was ſtudded like a Watch with Nodes;
Proving her Zeal to love the greater,
By taſting with its Sweets the Bitter;
The Pangs of Love are often thought,
As ſharp poſſeſſing, as when not;
His being as great that has enjoy'd,
As when he for enjoyment cry'd;
Which Plague is ſtill from Females found,
That are uncourteous or unſound,
But to proceed — — for Charity,
None noted was more fam'd than ſhe;

By Natural Generosity,
She was of precious self so free,
That meriting ten Guineys down,
She'd deign to smile on half a Crown:
Nay oft descend to poor *Parole*,
To shew the Bounty of her Soul;
So temperate too, that all her Meat,
Was generally what poor Folks eat.
No difference did, or none would know,
Twixt Heel of Lark and Heel of Cow;
Could Dine on Venson in the Kell,
Or Bread and Cheese would serve as well;
And Sprats lov'd to as nice degree,
As any Turbet in the Sea;
And as her Food was humble, so
Loud Fame declares her Drink was too:
She, costly Claret nere admir'd,
Nor ere to costlier Sack aspired;
The jolly Nut-brown, and the Quartern,
When Visitants came in, serv'd her turn;

And oft when Strangers were not there,
A Glass of Penitential Beer:
Strangers I mean, of her own kind,
Else when she with a Cully din'd,
That scruple she could soon undo,
And briskly tope Pint-Bumpers too:
At last, like pretty Birds oth' Air,
With Mate she'd to her Nest repair;
Which was to imitate 'em nigh,
In Garret plac'd five Stories high;
As she was fam'd for outward Parts,
Her inward were no less for Arts;
And tho she had not the Renown,
Of *Whited* or *Peter Herigone*,
Had made an entrance into the Staticks,
And several parts oth' Methematicks;
All Questions properly could state,
Touching the quality of *Weight*;
And tell exactly ere she'd leave ye,
Whither your Purse were light or heavy;

By Geometry could likewise know,
The breadth and depth of Pockets too;
Their Solids and their Superficies,
As easily as tell what this is:
And by quick Art of Hand and Brain,
Where something was, make nought remain;
In nimbly Plumbing the Convex,
Could out-do any of her Sex.
The worth of which rare Art to raise,
Made her haunt Crowds at Church and Plays:
And now did her Attendance draw,
To th' Play-House, where she *Collin* saw,
His Reputation more to settle,
Gingling a Purse of pretious Mettle:
Not eager Lover, whose Eye-Balls,
Greedily on his Mistress falls,
Could half so strongly fix as hers,
To th' inward Merits of that Purse,
Which in her Eye made *Collin* shew,
As charming as a side Box Beau;

And

And caus'd her to prevent the Storm,
To draw him from off further harm;
Collin, who took her for a Sister,
With Love and Thanks return'd, carress'd her;
Believing her a Saint of Grace,
For modest wearing Masque on Face;
But reckon'd those within the Boxes,
All Ranters, Harridans and Doxies.
They now were to a place arriv'd,
For Mirth and Ease of Cares contriv'd,
Where Courtiers that till Midnight tarry,
Talk Politiques o're Sack and Sherry;
And Alderman to lewdness fallen,
Begins with Gill and ends with Gallon;
Where now both standing at the Door,
Collin entreats his Sister Whore
To let her Modesty incline,
T'accept of half a Pint of Wine;
Dear Friend, cry'd she, with all my Heart,
Let it be, if you please, a Quart,

To

To which he courteously cry'd no,
I hope I'm better bred than so,
To think a Lady like a German,
Can tope, or like an English Carman;
This said they down together sate,
When up the Knipperkin was brought;
Whose slender quality when she,
Sometime had Oagled spitefully;
And found th' Effects too little to make,
A just Provision for her Stomach,
To right the wrongs of that and Belly,
She thus do's frugal *Collin* rally.

Quoth she, this were a wretched Nation,
But for this kind of Consolation;
Where oft afflicted Nature uses,
To take amends for Lifes abuses;
And ease the Soul from toilsome thinking,
By a good Fellowship and Drinking;

And tho our Sex have always bin
Barr'd of that Custom Masculine,
When we in publick treat a Guest,
Or simpring sit at any Feast;
Yet when a Knot of us appoint,
A Match amongst our selves, a Pint
Or more, in a Beer Glass is then,
No more with us than with you Men,
Tho amongst Strangers 'tis our way,
To Riot with a Dish of Tea.
Like Lady ——— at a Treat,
That cares not two-pence for the Meat;
Tho she to th' ruine of the Feast,
Eats three times more than all the rest,
Unless aside you do her draw,
To take a Rouse in Usquebagh,
Or with some brimming Glass of Sherry,
Nutmeg'd and Sugard make her merry;
And many more whose quality,
Forbids their toping openly,

Will privately on good occasion,
Take six go-downs on Reputation,
With satisfaction then, and ease,
Correcting Breath with Lozanges;
Take leave and never staging for't,
Call for the Coach and drive to Court;
And I my self that thus have said it,
Altho I would not lose my Credit,
By letting the Town know I quaff'd
A Quart of Claret at a Draught;
Yet here with such a Friend as you,
A Brother and in private too,
My self a Foe must needs profess,
To all such Knipperkins as this;
With that her Hand on Pot she laid,
And threw it over *Collins* Head,
With such a rage and vigor, that
It flew so near, it brush'd his Hat,
Who finding by this Action,
The Mettle of's Companion;

When he had star'd on her a while,
Thus answers in his former stile,

I must confess, quoth he, that yet,
I nere in all my Travails met,
With any of the Sister-hood,
That like you Toping understood,
Which may perhaps not be a Crime,
But the meer nature of this Clime;
Your Constitution being here,
Inur'd to Wine, as we to Beer;
Else I should hold a Sister naught,
Prophanely swallow'd such a draught;
At *Heidleberg* the strictest Zealots,
Amongst the Independant Prelats,
'Tis said with large two Gallon Bowls,
Nightly refresh'd their thirstly Souls;
The Grandees (*e*) too of the Cabal,
Which once were call'd Synodical;

When they a knotty point of State,
Or th' Churches Interest would debate,
Made strong Potations Drench the Cause,
And legal Brimmers vouch the Laws;
And in some Grotto of their own,
With Cushions knock each other down;
But of your Sex I never knew,
Till now such offers as by you:
Yet that it never shall be said,
That I for Trifles Faction made,
Or stop'd the Cause from going on,
Through my self-will'd opinion;
I am contented to sit by,
Whilst you your Humor satisfie;
And to a Pint more or a Quart,
Will pay my Club with all my Heart.

Quoth she, that Ladies here must Club,
Has been a Custom old as *Job*,
Which your own Sex at first brought in,
To shew your right of governing;

Since

Since when by Courteſie o'th' Nation,
To treat our Sex has been a Faſhion,
Allow'd as fit, as to afford,
The Wall or upper end o'th' Board;
And 'tis this Courteſie, whoſe Rules
Supplies the groſs defects of Schools;
Difference twixt Gentry makes and Trades,
And Widows to take place of Maids,
Makes Barons of the Sons of Peers,
And tenders Homage to rich Heirs;
And whats moſt pertinent of all,
Gives to our tender Sex the Wall,
And with a generous freedom treat,
When ere we pleaſe to Drink or Eat;
Whilſt thoſe that have refuſals made,
Are counted as clowniſh and ill bred.

Quoth he, to be accompted clowniſh,
Would not methinks ſo ſharply puniſh,

As that luxurious treating Folly,
Do's by ensuing Melancholy:
The Purse the Elders of our Tribe,
Their Marrow of their Cause describe,
Which can't be like the pretious Brain,
Touch'd, must less lavish'd without Pain;
And I methinks find a small pang,
At your beginning this Harangue,
The Brethren arm'd with Truth sincere,
Can Strokes and Vile Reproaches bear,
Most patiently support Abuses,
And let their Credit suffer Bruises;
Neglect Affronts through Wisdom sage,
But if you touch their Purse, they rage;
Then Righteous Passion straight controuls,
And shews the fervour of their Souls,
By Interest exposing plain,
Our greatest Zeal is greatest Gain,
Besides, in Drinking or in Eating,
That senseless custom us'd of Treating,

Was never, that I know, thought good,
By any of the Brotherhood;
Who when we meet about a Bargain,
And friendly Cheat each other for Gain,
Equally use to joyn our Pence,
To pay the Charge of Knipperkins,
Which adds to their Community,
And makes 'em frugally agree;
Nor can I tell a reason why,
This should not be twixt You and I;
That paying of the Reckoning equal,
Should be, or clownish or illegal;
When doing it a Cause may be,
Stronger to knit our amity,
And makes that Love that's in my Breast,
For kindnesses late past Increas'd,
Which would each hour grow more large,
The less that I am put to charge.

Thought Strumpt, since the Wind sits there,
I'le take the right Sow by the Ear;
With Tricks and Female slights, your Curship,
Will mannage like a Man of Worship;
Shew th'snare from which Fools never can get out
When e're a Woman sets her Wit too't;
Then seizing upon *Collins* Fist,
She thus begun, Thou certain best
Of all the Pious Flock that e're,
Swet with Presbytery sincere;
Forgive me that for th' Causes sake,
This Tryal of thy Worth I make;
And like a Gem too rich for the Buyer,
Have prov'd thy merit as by Fire;
For tho I've talk'd of Quarts and Pottles,
And toping Mornings Draughts in Bottles,
As if I had the filthy Courage,
To make debosch in Nants and Burrage;
Or like a Porter could Regale,
With Pots of Purle, or Mugs of Ale;

'Twas

'Twas but false Fire; for in reality,
I'm of as niggardly a quality,
As thou art, or our Tribe Divine,
That on a *Pilchers* Head can Dine;
Luxury has so little force,
On me that now thy Wise Discourse,
Appears a Banquet, I could Breakfast,
(My longing Arms about thy Neck-fast,
Wer't not for shame) with looking on,
The Model of thy Outward Man;
I always lov'd thy dapper size,
Generally active made and wise;
And better Womens Men by half,
Than Lobs that play at Quarter-staff;
Nature diminutively allures,
As Painting do's in Miniatures;
And in thy Person I can see,
Her Arts sublimest Rarity,
Like (*f*) *Renaulds* World engrav'd upon,
The Surface of a Cherry Stone;

Thy

Thy Wit denotes the airy Part,
Thy Eyes, the Fire that warms each Heart;
Thy Beard do's th' rugged Earth display,
And th' Watry Gulph thy Mouth, the Sea.

Whilst thus our Lady of the Lake,
In Mistick Praise of *Collin* spake;
His gaping Mouth so wide was spread,
Twas very like a Gulph indeed;
Especially with Water flowing,
To hear expressions so like Wooing;
The God of Love to shew his Art,
So suddenly had shot his Heart;
The thrilling Pangs would scarce afford,
The Lover to get out a Word,
Till at last rising from the Seat,
The ruddy Portal of her Pate;
He first Salutes, and finding she,
With Smiles receiv'd the Courtesie;

With clumsie haſt he next begins,
To rob her Tippet of its Pins;
Columbus like reſolv'd to know,
The Secrets of the World below;
Nor was ſhe wanting in her Art,
Of flattery to perform her Part;
But with an artful Sigh did vow,
Our *Collin* far excell'd a Beau;
And that her Love ſhe could not ſmother,
To ſo ſincere and kind a Brother:
Things going thus they ſoon agreed,
To eaſe their Hearts and go to Bed,
To manage which ſhe deſir'd leave,
To go and that Affair contrive;
That ſo leſs Eyes might peep upon her,
And Secreſie ſecure her Honour;
To which poor *Collin* blind with Paſſion,
Readily gave his Approbation;
And as an earneſt of his Bliſs,
Twice having bruſh'd her o're the Phiz,

As often begg'd her to make haſt,
Thus ponder'd on the Action paſt:

Tho now my Method of proceeding,
Is by the Ignorant call'd Back-ſliding;
None that to knowledge have pretence,
Can ſay, I deviate from true Senſe:
The Ancients, as my Father taught,
Love, of all Gods, moſt potent thought;
And that warm Fever of the Mind,
A Paſſion of the Nobleſt Kind;
For all their Gods and Goddeſſes,
From higheſt to moſt low Degrees,
In ſpite of all their Divine Nature,
Were Captives made to charming Feature;
Which do's inevitably prove,
All things muſt bow to mighty Love;
Like them the Features of the Fair,
Have drawn my Heart into Loves Snare;

Powerfully forc'd to love this Creature,
Through Myſtical Impulſe of Nature;
Our Tribes I have obſerv'd Love ſtronger,
Than other Sects, and often longer:
Woman, to them's a Dainty made,
Which t'others is as daily Bread,
Which makes us without more adoo,
Say Grace and eagerly fall too;
Beſides, altho I make aſſault,
Upon her Perſon, yet my fault
Extends to no unnatural way,
Like that to which Back-ſliders ſtray:
I'm for the Orthodox plain manner,
Nor will put Popiſh Tricks upon her;
Or with Italian Methods Treat her,
As if ſhe were a four Legg'd Creature;
But Chriſtian like, blunt Love perſuing,
Show I make Conſcience of my doing;

Whilſt

Whilst *Collin* thus revolving was,
Upon the Merits of his Case;
A Fatal Messenger do's come,
Puffing and Sweating into th' Rome,
Saying the Nymph was just gon out,
And by him sent up a Note;
Which *Collin* taking pale with dread,
Thus with an Ague trembling, read.

The Strumpets Note to *Collin*.

My Dad was a Franciscan Fryer,
My Mother a dark Entry Flyer;
My self a Lifter, that have made,
Thy Pocket empty as thy Head;
The Jest will be found out by groping,
And so Dear John, *I leave thee toping.*

As condemn'd Fellon whose belief,
Has long insisted on reprieve,
Beholds to th' ruine of his Faith,
A suddain Warrant for his Death;

Def-

Despairing sinks, so cheated *Collin*
Into a deadly Sound was falling;
Stunn'd at the loss of Female *Crony*,
And what much dearer was, his Mony;
And now to make the Storms of Fate,
Appear far more unfortunate;
And prove that Proverb plainer known,
That says, no Mischief comes alone;
The Devil, ill Luck, and altogether,
Had sent the surly Major thither;
Who dogging *Collin* from the Play,
When Strumpet sprited him away;
Himself in Closet had been stowing,
And spitefully heard all the Wooing;
Seen *Collins* groping, and the Whores,
With all the other past Amours;
And now inflated with high Rage,
Which nought but Railing could assuage;
On *Collin* pours (half dead with anguish)
This *Aqua Fortis* of ill Language.

Fortune is kind, *John Presbyter*,
To bring me in this Crisis here,
Where I with pleasure have been noting,
A Member of the Saints a Goating;
And seen what other things they feel,
Besides the Motions of their Zeal,
That 'tis not only fierce desire,
Of Heaven do's their Passions fire;
But carnal Deeds may sometimes set,
Their Dogships in as great a swet;
Their Christian Duty frames no terror,
To hinder Slips of venial Error;
But that a true bred Strumpet draws,
Their Tribe as quickly as their Cause;
After Rich Cargo in dear Sister,
I prethee change me, Friend, a Tester:
As Saints are stor'd with Spiritual Riches,
So still with Temporal, are their Breeches;
Where Purse is cram'd with Gold as full,
As with Devotion is the Scull;

And

And thou that art a Disputant,
A profound Stickler as a Saint:
No doubt this Female here hast drawn,
To make her give some wealthy Pawn;
For Lessons of Phanatick Canting,
And closer Rules of Carnal Sainting:
But yet methinks that Currish leer,
No lucky Tokens makes appear;
But rather thou hast catch'd a Tartar,
And been lash'd worse, than that from Carter,
By meeting one that could purloin,
Not only Credit, but thy Coin;
If this be true as it appears,
Why dost not rowse and shake thy Ears;
Rally thy Wits and tip thy Tongue,
In Argument some three hours long;
As thou hast us'd, and prove by Speeches,
The Merit of venereal Itches;
Defend the Vertues of your Elders,
That get on Strumpets *Hans en Kelders*;

And that 'tis don, to clear the Reins,
After long toils of Godly Pains;
When th' Holder-forth that gives the Blessing,
Calls Whoring Spiritual Refreshing;
As thou Hypocrisie and Lying
A new found Trade of Self-denying:
But as a Friend I must advise ye,
To place your stif Positions wisely;
For all your Majors fearce will make,
Me think, what's past for Virtues sake;
Or that this Bulker of thee Town,
Came only here to rub ye down;
Propos'd a Spiritual Collation,
Of dull long-winded Exhortation,
Meerly to know how you could chatter,
But for another kind of Matter;
The inward Virtues of your Purse,
Ingag'd her, not your wise Discourse;
Your canting Topics might have ceas'd,
Or cool'd your Broth, or what you pleas'd;

Had not your Mony brought the Dame,
To Fan and Countenance your Flame;
T'admire that shaggy Tuft of Hair,
Tho black and brindled as a Bear;
And swear that awker'd one Ey'd Phiz,
As charming as God Cupids is;
Your Corps too had she not intended,
To cheat it, might have been suspended;
Or if the Devil had come to seize ye,
That Moment you had found her easie;
Provided she from Charge releas'd ye,
And of the Golden God had fleec'd ye:
'Twas that indulg'd alluring Arts!
Not any feeling of your Parts;
Tho whilst she on your Lap was dandling,
I could perceive what Things were handling:
From peep-Hole see how you caress'd her,
More like a Strumpet than a Sister;
Where chance did to my Eyes reveal,
Th' strange Sinews of Phanatick Zeal.

Are these the Morals of that Tribe,
Which thou so often didst describe?
Is this your self denying Practice,
Dissembling worser than the Fact is?
He that in Corner sneaking Sins,
Out-do's the lewdest Libertins;
Tempts more the anger of his God,
Since his Devotion is his bawd;
For t'others publick infamy,
Makes use of no Hypocrisie;
Therefore for th' one deserves Heav'ns Wrath,
Much less than thou hast done for both.
How often hast thou been extolling,
When reeking Brother has been bawling,
A Lecture against Bawds and Whores,
Brothels unclean and lewd Amours;
Affirming th' Bishops did appear,
Like *Baals* Priests to him stood there;
That such firm Doctrin here was read of,
Tho Dr. H. shake his Head off;

Look sowrer than the Switzer Cantons,
And thrash his Parish to Repentance;
And yet in midst of all thy Zeal,
For the Old Cause and Common-weal;
Tho all thy Wits so harrass'd were,
To make a Rabbi of a Player;
And th' Error very like to make,
Thy twice drub'd Bones, a third time ake;
By being expos'd to Fops and Cullies,
Spruce Cittizens and Flustred Bullies;
Yet in this juncture to be drawn,
Thence by a Whore, and left in pawn;
To leave spiritual Intentions,
To follow carnal vile Inventions;
With Common Trades hold Discourse,
And so unguarded leave thy Purse;
Nay, be so ill contriv'd a Block-head,
As not to know she pick'd thy Pocket;
Is meer Enthusiasm, and to me,
Shews th' Nature of Presbitery;

Whom Interest and sometimes Whoring,
Still vary from devout Adoring;
And tho like Saints they seem to be,
Are all in Corners just like thee.

Quoth *Collin*, he that once is down
On th' Earth no further can be thrown;
Unless into his Grave, and there,
I zealously could wish I were;
Not for your sharp Rebukes or Taunts,
For those are common to the Saints;
But for th' abuse of coozening Female;
Fram'd for Confusion first of the Male;
And moulded to allay the Joys,
Without her, found in Paradise.

Some twenty Winters since or more,
Ere yet my Child-hood was past o're;
One Evening to my Fathers House,
Came a Young Tawny tatter'd Blowse;

Her Skin shew'd just that coullour'd Vellam,
That Wallnuts give to those that shell 'em;
And at her Back a Rid that cry'd,
Still as she pinch'd it, lazt was ty'd;
With which, and wild Egyptian Jabbering,
She got her Living without Labouring;
She in all Fortunes good or bad,
Pretented she strange Knowledge had;
Could foretell lost of Maiden-heads,
And Husbands give to longing Maids;
And for a Tester given, declare
What Colour and what Size they were;
She'd tell by Lines in your left Hand,
Whither you'd sell or purchase Land;
What sort of Mischief should undoo Man,
Whither by Trading, or by Woman;
Or if your Constitution were,
Fitter to Marry or forbear;
Then as you did more Money give her,
Told things to come, if you'd believe her;

By Dimples, ragged Warts and Moles,
Declar'd the Secrets of your Souls;
And to all Questions hit so right,
The Country took her for a Spright.

This Succubus or Demi-devil,
Foretold to me my late past Evil;
That in the Year of forty one,
Which now my present Age Lowns;
My Fate was fix'd to be seduc'd,
And by a strange Cleft Monster chows'd;
Which still I thought was ment by Witches,
Wild Mares, She Monkies, or Mad Bitches;
But in my Heart could never believe,
A Sister such a Devil since *Eve*;
For that she was one of our Tribe,
Her Gesture and her Tone describe;
Nor did her other Actions less,
Discover she was one of us;

The

The Saints oft take it for no failing,
When Youth and Vigor are prevailing,
Friendly to meet a Zealous Brother,
And heartily Careſs each other:
When the Intreague from neither draws,
Shame or diſcredit to the Cauſe;
At worſt 'tis but a venial Evil,
But to pick Pockets, that's the Devil.
The Siſters ſuch abhorrence make,
Of Theft, they rather give than take,
And oftner pay for the Exploit,
Than rob our Purſes of a Doit.
Therefore this late amphibious Beaſt,
Was ſure the Spawn of ſome lewd Prieſt;
Some Rampant Scoundrel Romiſh Prig,
Begot her on a Female Whig;
And taught her to be Mercenary,
And Spaniel like to fetch and carry.
How well this Paſſage gives occaſion,
To Argue for Predeſtination;

Some

Some destin'd are to lots of Crowns,
Others Repute, and twenty Pounds;
Which is the same to me, as them,
A Kingdom and a Diadem;
And every other thing must be,
Persuant to a first Decree;
For had it on free Will consisted,
Purse had been here, and I not miss it;
My Reputation too had been,
As it was wont to be, serene;
Whereas in spite of my Complaints,
I'm now a Scandal to the Saints;
Exposing in this sort my Honour,
For being taken in the manner;
The soulness of my late Transgression,
Being most the want of my Discretion;
Crimes still are Mischiefs we expose,
But that's no fault, that no one knows;
Especially when it is done,
Against any pow'r below the Moon;

For

For as in Felony and Theft,
Whose Stars allow them no reprieve,
We find was ever hang'd for stealing,
But for not luckily concealing;
So 'mongst the Saints, none is distrusted,
For failings, but for being detected:
The Mischiefs of all Sorts unknown,
Being as no more thought upon
How truly Happy had I been
If I this Town had never seen!
To any of the Country-life
But in the Country, to the Plow,
Or to digge Land to Till and Sow?
Secur'd my Goods of Coyn from stealing,
And all Saints failings from revealing:
There in a State of Innocence,
We meet and Act without Offence;
No vile Detractor interloping
Nor any itching Spy Eves-dropping;
But Cordial Love and Amity,
Affect both high and low Degree:

The

The Brethren with the Sisters prove,
By fervent Acts, their zealous Love;
And constantly deserve Applause,
For th' earnest pushing on the Cause.
Whilst here in this Sataniek Town,
Rude Carters live to knock Men down;
One walks in fear to lose one's Beard,
By Rogues Intituled the Black-Guard;
And if you ere expound a Text,
To any of the Female Sex;
'Tis ten to one you meet a Greatone,
Of so depravd and vile a Nature,
As this my late and worst of Whores;
That the same time she gratifys your Lust;
Shall by a Trick as strange as true,
Deprive ye of your Money too;
Therefore good Major as you made me
Come hither; do not now dissuade me
From instant leaving this vile place,
Where I can't live but in disgrace;

Where

Where if I tarry I suppose,
I shall to morrow lose my Nose;
For Purse was quite as near to me,
And yet 'tis stoln from me, you see:
In th' Honest Country I was born,
And to that Station must return,
Where I can Things, and People find,
Suiting the plainness of my Mind:
I ought to talk of Hogs and Cows,
Rather than Laws of th' Commons House;
For bold aspiring after Fame,
Has brought me to the Case I am;
And whither Grumbler or the Whig,
Are wiser in their Grand Intreague;
I'l leave to you that Love disputes,
And instantly draw on my Boots;
Then Trot off from this Town of Sorrow,
More Vile then *Sodom* or *Gomorrow*.

This said, half tumbling o'r the Chairs,
For haste, Poor *Celia* got down Stairs;
Resolving from the Town in Post
To ride within an hour at most:
But how the Major stop'd his speed,
Is for our second part decreed.

The End of the Fourth Canto.

A N-

ANNOTATIONS TO THE FIRST CANTO OF THE FIRST PART.

(a)

Abdication, being a Word that has so unexpectedly been thought fit to serve the Nation in so Important a Juncture, tho it must needs be known to every one that understands Latin; yet 'tis fit to inform the Ignorant, that it means a Deserting or Relinquishing a Command or Government.

(b)

Captain *Tom*, a Butcher, who in the beginning of the Late Revolution, having an occasion to dismiss the Mobile rais'd in great Numbers in *Smith-Field*, spoke thus, *Gentlemen of the* Mobility of England, I *Adjourn you*

you all till to Morrow three in the Afternoon, and take notice you are Adjourn'd accordingly.

(c)

Little Shock Dogs of *Bollonia*, whose Noses are broken by those that sell 'em to make their Price the better; The Moors generally use their Infants so, believing a flat Nose an admirable Feature.

(d)

OEconomy, ordering, or the prudent government of a Thing.

(f)

Architas, a Famous Mathematician of *Tarentum*, Renown'd by *Horace*, who speaks of him in one of his Odes; he by rare Cunning delivered *Plato* from the Tyranny of *Dionisius*.

(e)

Charleroy, a Town in the Low Countrys, which I could not forbear noting, by reason of the extraordinary Renown it bears in being accompted by all that are skilful in the Mathematicks, to be the most Regular Fortification in the whole World.

(g)

Pentagons, *Bastions*, *Ravellings*, &c. are the Terms of Art us'd for Part of the Works belonging to a Town Fortified.

(b)

This Hurling is an Ancient Sport us'd to this day in the Countys of *Cornwall* and *Devon*, where

where once a Year the hardy young Fellows of each County meet; and a Cork Ball thinly plated with Silver, being thrown up between 'em, they Run, Bustle and Fight for it, to the witty dislocating of many a shrew'd Neck, or for the sport of telling how bravely their Arms or Legs came to be broke when they get home.

(*i*)

Tusser was an Antique Author, famous for writing a Book of Husbandry, and was just as good a Poet for a Gardner, as our late *Taylor* was for a Waterman.

(*k*)

This Conceipt is improv'd by the Story of *Diocleſian*, who whilst a private Captain had this Augury spoke to him by a Sibil, *Imperator eris cum Aprum interfeceris*, which he mistaking for a Forest Boar, went dayly a Hunting, making great slaughter amongst 'em, but without any Success, till at last fighting with *Volutius Aper*, the right Boar was slain, and the Sibils words fulfill'd.

(*l*)

Drexelius, a Reverend and Worthy Divine, that writ an admirable Book upon Eternity.

(*m*)

Cornelius Agrippa, was accompted a Magician at one and twenty Years Old, for writing his Book of Occult Philosophy.

(*n*)

Zoroaster and *Hermes Trismegistus*, were two of the first Learned Men that treated of Magick, striving to prove it only the highest and most sacred Philosophy; and that the Name Magician signifies only a Wise Man, a Priest, a Prophet; and that they were anciently receiv'd and honour'd by all Learned Philosophers, commended by Divines, and not unacceptable to the Gospel; tho a great many supercilious Censurers, will have 'em to be Sorcerers, and wicked Dealers with the Devil, tempted thereto by Ambition or Interest.

(*o*)

Hannibal or *Annibal*, the greatest General of the Carthaginians, was sworn by his Father at first taking up Arms, to be ever a mortal Enemy to the Romans.

(*p*)

A great part of the Majors grumbling Discourse here was transfers'd from Dialogues of some Church Men, (as their Habits declar'd 'em) perform'd in a Coffee-House in the City, who I could wish would take honest *Collins* Advice, Page 38. to be,

—— For Union in the Main,
What ere Opinion they maintain.

The

(9)

The seven Sacraments of the Romish Church, which they hold to be instituted by *Jesus Christ*, and necessary to the Salvation of Man-kind, tho not all of them necessary to every Man.

ANNOTATIONS
TO THE
SECOND CANTO.

(a)

ST. *Dunſtan* was Arch-Biſhop of *Cant.* and weilded the Crofier about the Year —— a St. of that Purity of Life as the Romaniſts have render'd, and withall ſo Artful in Diſpute, that once after a long Argument with the Devil, he forc'd him to own himſelf confuted, which the vulgar Opinion is, he did, by taking him by the Noſe with a great Pair of red-hot Tongs.

(b)

Herbert in his Book of his Travels relates this pleaſant Cuſtom of the Ethiopians, which he ſays was judiciouſly us'd to prevent Sodomy; the Bruitiſh Men that Inhabit the Country, being much more inclin'd to make Cattamites their Miſtreſſes, than Beautiful Women their Wives, which intolerable injury

jury to Honour and Nature, the Poor neglected Females, strove to redress by inventing a Courtesie, whose tempting Quality they believ'd must likely to draw 'em back to their Duty: To this effect came out an Edict from a certain Queen, Regent there, who the better to allure the Inhabitants from that unnatural Guilt, ordain'd for the Women a certain Habit so straight and narrow, that every Motion expos'd their most secret Beauties to the Eye of every Spectator.

(c)

This Passage of *Collins* Whipping, is in imitation of a real Scuffle that I saw happen between a Carman and a Country Fellow, who amongst a great many others, as it is their daily Custom, was staring and wondring at the Figures that strook the Quarters upon the Bell.

(d)

Here I could not help doing my self the Honour of particularly imitating the Famous Mr. *Butler* in his *Hudibras*, who in describing the Combat betwixt the Knight and *Talgol*, whom he had certainly slain, but

Pallas in the shape of *Rust*, &c. page ——

Peter Aretine, A Famous *Italian* Poet and Painter, who for Publishing a Book of shame-

ful Nudities and Postures, was doom'd by the Senate to have his Eyes put out.

(f)

Anthropophagi are a Barbarous People of *Scithia*, who delight so extreamly to feed upon Human Flesh, that they make perpetual War with their Neighbours meerly for the Lust of Eating, all whom they Kill or take Prisoners.

(g)

Domitian the Emperor, at his idle Hours would often descend to the petty Tyranny of torturing Flies, about which noble Enterprize he would oft employ himself alone in his Chamber some hours together, insomuch as once when one enquired whether any were within with *Cæsar*, *Crispus* (in waiting) made answer, *Ne Musca quidem.*

(h)

Dirmdan was the Name of the Sword of *Orlando Furioso*, as the renowned Italian Poet *Ariosto* mentions it in his History.

(i)

Don Quixot de la Mancha's Tilt with the Wind-mills, is so obvious to every one, that it would be impertinent to note it further.

(k)

Alluding to his freeing the Slaves that were doom'd to the Gallies mention'd in the —— Chapter of the History of *Don Quixot.*

Fulvia

(l)

Fulvia, the Concubine of *Quintus Curius*, one of the chief Conſpirators with *Cataline*, who according to the Cuſtom of *Jilts*, ſlighting her Gallant becauſe his Treaſure was exhauſted, was by him, to regain her Favour, inform'd of the Conſpiracy, which ſhe as ſoon as known declares to the Conſul, not through any point of Honour or Juſtice, but like a right Woman, through Vanity, that ſhe might take place of *Sempronia* and *Catiline's* Mrs. *Aurelia Oreſtilla*.

(m)

In *Ben Johnſons* Tragedy of *Catiline*, *Cicero's* Oration to the Senate, and ſeveral other Speeches are tranſlated from his own Latin, and that of *Saluſt* Word for Word.

(n)

Palinode ſignifies a recanting or unſaying of what has been ſpoken or writ before.

ANNOTATIONS TO THE THIRD CANTO.

(a)

THE Major in this place seems to make a reflection upon some late Passages of Cuckoldom publickly expos'd in *Westminster*-Hall, which being so generally known, I think improper to explain further.

(b)

This reflects upon an Observation on some Fresh-Water Officers, whom lately in the Court of Requests in my hearing were severely descanting upon the Conduct and Proceedings of Duke *Schomberg*, bitterly inveighing against his Slowness in giving Battle, and tainting his fifty Years Experience, with a bold affirmation of what they would Instantly perform if they were in his Post.

In

(*c*)

In the same place a Comical Red Nos'd Fellow that sells Brandy in or near *Bucklers-Bury* in *London*, was vehemently sputtering his Indignation against the Tax of two Shillings in the Pound, withall, politickly affirming, that to his knowledge the Parliament might maintain the War at a far less Expence to the Subject.

(*d*)

Several Famous Authors affirm, that the Ancient Egyptians held an Onion in such veneration, that some of the bigotted sort in a ridiculous manner us'd to kneel down and Worship it.

(*e*)

This is a new Invention for the Ladies to dress their Heads upon, by the convenience of which the whole Dress may in a Minute be taken off, or put on without any trouble.

(*f*)

Pliny and *Solinus* make mention of diverse Hairy Nations; and *Lycosthenes* Writes of a certain Island, the Inhabitants whereof have all their Parts, except their Faces and Palms of their Hands, cover'd over with long Hair; part of the Hide of such a Savage, a certain Sarmatian sent unto *Ulisses Aldrovandus*, and is kept in the *Museum* of the Bononian Senate: These kind of Wild Men were first seen at *Bononia*, when the beautiful Marchioness of

Soranium

Soranium coming thither, was nobly receiv'd by the *Illustrissimo Marcus Caselius*, who brought with her a Hairy Girl of eight Years of Age, being the Daughter of a Wild Man born in the *Canaries*, whose Effigies * *Aldrovandus* expos'd to the view of all his Friends as a great Rarity; there are, as *Eusebius* also writes, in the East and West *Indies*, Wild Men who are born smooth like our Infants, but as they grow up have Hair covering their whole Bodies.

* *Aldrovand in Monst.* Hist.

(g)

This was from an Observation occasion'd by the *Russian* Embassador, who was here about the Year 1678. who amongst other places visiting *Suttons* Hospital, in the chief Room chanc'd to see his Picture drawn, with a great Beard, which gave the Embassador (who himself wore a very large one) occasion to reflect on the English for leaving off so graceful an Ornament, that their Ancestors so highly esteem'd, till one that stood by wittily answer'd by his Interpreter, The very Goats here wore Beards, which made the Natives count 'em the less Ornament or Honour.

(h)

This I can no further affirm, than that in the Country of *Asia* where this Queen reign'd, a venerable Author Writes of Women generally

nerally having Beards, and consequently the amongst thereſt, for I'll not bate her a Hair for her Quality.

(*i*)

Several Old Women ſuſpected for Witches in and about *Lancaſhire* have been often noted to have Beards of conſiderable growth, tho that's no general Rule, ſome of the Reverend and Vertuous being often liable to the ſame.

(*k*)

The Salique Law was made to hinder the Crown of *France* from falling from the Sword to the Spinning Wheel, *i. e.* That it never ſhould be inherited by Women; it is called *Salique*, either from theſe Words, *ſi alique* very often us'd in the ſaid Law, or from the River *Sala*, near unto which the *Franks* anciently inhabited.

(*l*)

This was a piece of Policy in *Oliver Cromwell*, who whilſt the long Parliament ſat, and the principal Affairs of State were acting, publiſh'd an Order for baniſhing all the Ladies of the Cavalier Party out of *London* and the Suburbs, that their Wit or Beauty might have no occaſion or opportunity to influence his Friends againſt him.

(*m*)

To diſcuſs Truth from falſehood in any Speech, is one of the two Ends or Offices of

Logick,

Logick, as the other is to teach a compendious Way to attain any Art or Science, by shewing the Method to be observ'd in coming to the perfect knowledge of them.

(n)

Predicables are certain Degrees of Words that are of one Affinity, shewing which comprehend more, and which less; there are five of them in Logick, viz. *Genus*, *Species*, *Differentia*, *Proprium* and *Accidens*.

(o)

Ignatius Loyola the Father and Founder of the Jesuits, tho never so shrew'd a Disputant in his *Lucid Intervals*, yet was by several less bigotted Writers of his own Order at other times accompted little less than a Madman.

(p)

The infallibility of Pope *Joan* has been so publickly expos'd, I think it needs no further Comment.

(q. r.)

A little Treatise of *Martin Luther's* to Cardinal *Borachio*, confutes admirably the Arguments of St. *Ignatius* concerning the Sacrifice of the Mass; and this Story of *Loyola's* beating the Devil, is recorded by the Romanists themselves in the History of his Life, where Page 86. we have an account of the Devils appearing to him, indeavouring to disturb him in his Prayers, and was by him as often as he came, very well Cudgell'd and Drub'd away,

away, which if I have chang'd into a Boxing bout to adapt it the nearer to my Poem, I hope the Author has receiv'd no Injury, and that the Reader will forgive me.

(s)

Cauſin and *Creſſy*, two Jeſuitical Writers, and great Aſſerters of Romiſh Miracles.

(t)

The Original of this Story of St. *Clare*, may be found in *Creſſy's* Hiſtory, page 411. amongſt many other of the ſame Nature, juſt as true as this.

ANNOTATIONS
TO THE
FOURTH CANTO.

(*a*)

THis Paſſage may be found in the Hiſtory of *Don John de Caſtro*, written by ——— which confirms the great value the Portugueſe and Spaniards put upon their Beards, which Punctilio they held to ſo ſevere a Degree amongſt 'em in general, that when one *Le Rock*, a Famous *Banditti*, was taken and Condemn'd to be Executed at a certain day for ſeveral inſolent Robberies and Murders, yet pawning a Tuft of his Beard to his Keeper, that if he would let him in the interim go abroad and diſpatch a ſmall Affair, he would return punctually to the time; it was granted him; and having ended his Buſineſs came honourably back that very Morning to redeem his Whisker, and was accordingly Executed.

The

(*b*)

The Character of an Impudent Play-House Orange Wench, being there every day acted, I think needs no further Comment.

(*c*)

An Ancient and Heroick Queen of *Britain*.

(*d*)

Alexander White and *Peter Herrigone*, two very Famous and Learned Mathematicians.

(*e*)

These Grandees are meant by *Oliver Cromwells* Privy Council, who after they had been laying the Scene of some brave Fellows Ruin, frequently fell to drinking, and in the middle of their Cups, their chief diversion was to knock one another off the Chairs with Cushions.

(*f*)

Renauldus or *Rhinaldus*, an exquisite Germain Artist, that Engrav'd the World so Artificially on a Cherry-Stone, that as a Famous Antique Author reports, there might plainly be dicern'd each particular Kingdom or Country —— Believe as you think good, &c.

FINIS.